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THE WASHINGTON BEE

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RACING FOR THE CUP

It Has Cost Sir Thomas Lipton Over Two Million Dollars,

And American Yachtsmen Have Spent Two and a Half Millions to Keep the Trophy on This Side of the Water.

Since 1886, when the Yankee yacht Mayflower easily defeated the cutter Galatea in two races, it has cost the United States nearly $2,500,0000 to keep the cup on this side of the water.

Sir Thomas Lipton alone has spent $2,000,000 in his attempt to "lift the cup," but, of course, the challenger is usually under much heavier expense than the defender. And, furthermore, the cost increases with each succeeding race. The estimated cost of building the Mayflower and all necessary accessories was $100,000; of the Volunteer, in 1887, also about $100,000. The Vigilant, which defended the cup in 1893, cost $300,000, including building, rigging, maintenance, etc. In 1895 the figures rose to $400,000, when the Defender was the victor. The cost of the Columbia, in 1899, was also about $400,000; in 1901, about $300,000 for the same boat, including tender, trial horses, etc., and the cost to date for the Reliance is put by wise salts at nearly $600,000.

The Reliance was built by a syndicate composed of ten men. They are C. Oliver Iselin, who has full charge of the boat; former Judge Elbert H. Gary, Clement A. Griscom, James J. Hill, William H. Leeds, William Rockefeller, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Walters, P. A. B. Widener and Norman B. Keam.

Mr. Herreshoff, it is said, received $90,000 for this boat. There are seven complete suits of sails for the Reliance, which would add another $100,000 to the cost of the yacht. The wages of officers and crew can be put down at $20,000 and the rations, maintenance, etc., at $10,000. The dry-docking expenses must also be considered, and, with new rigging, adds another $12,000 to the cost. In addition, there is that expensive thing, the tender, which was bought outright, and

C. OLIVER ISELIN.
(Managing Partner of the Reliance Yacht Syndicate.)

with the crew cost about $75,000 alone. This sum does not include the heavy expense of the trial horses, the Columbia and the Constitution, which have been put in commission for this occasion. J. Pierpont Morgan, the owner of the Columbia, and August Belmont, who owns the Constitution, probably have spent more than $100,000 to help the Reliance defend the cup.

Sir Thomas Lipton estimates his expenses for the present yacht race at $700,000. This year his expenses have been more than in former years, as he keeps two racing yachts in commission. The Shamrock III. probably cost about $200,000 to build. She has five suits of sails, costing about $20,000 each, so that the sails alone cost $100,000. Extra spars have been needed from time to time, more riggings has been found necessary and this, with other expenses, brings the amount to $450,000.

The crews on the two boats—the Shamrock I. and the Shamrock III.—number ninety men. The captains' salaries are $4,500 each and that of the officers $3,000. The eighty men comprising the crew draw about $30 a month. They are engaged for six months, making the total cost for salaries of officers and crew $21,900. In addition to their wages they have been promised $75 each by Sir Thomas for coming to this side, which is in lieu of prize money. Of course, this would have been increased in case the Shamrock had been victor.

Then there is the expense of the fuel to consider. It is said the food bill alone for this boat is $18,000, to say nothing of the wages of the crew. Furthermore, as both the Shamrocks have been in dry dock 22 days, at a cost of $300 a day, this brings the total cost of Sir Thomas' attempt to lift the cup to nearly $700,000, and for the three races, in which he has competed, something like $2,100,000.

And yet Sir Thomas says he does not think of the cost. The cost, therefore, to British challengers since 1886, when the Galatea came to this country, down to the Shamrock III. is about $3,500,000, and the United States $2,500,000, or $6,000,000 in all for both sides.

The Salaries of Rulers.

According to a German statistician the salaries of European rulers are as follows: Assuming that they work six hours a day, the emperor of Russia receives $80 a minute, the emperor of Austria $35, the king of Italy $21, the emperor of German $17, the king of England $15, the king of Spain $15, the king of Belgium $5, the king of Denmark between $3 and $4 and the king of Servia between $1 and 2. President Loubet of France receives about five cents a minute more than the king of Servia.

A SOLUTION.

From the Mission Herald.

Mr. John Temple Graves thinks the Deit never intended men of different races to dwell together in one country, and that is the reason why there is so much friction in the South between the colored and white folks. Now as long as the colored man did not come to this country by his own volition and as it is not at all likely that he is going to quit very soon, there is nothing left to be done but for Mr. Graves, and men who thinks like he thinks, to get out and leave the country to the negroes. This is the only solution as we see it, if Mr. Graves knows the mind of the Almighty.

TRYING TO CRUSH.

From the Afro-American Ledger.

With Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, Editor Graves, of Georgia, Waterson, of Kentucky, and many other strong speakers going North, magnifying the Negro's faults, and belittering his good deeds, are making a bad showing for us. No northerner can come South and speak for us or in any way criticize the South. These southern orators want free speech in the North that they may slay the negro, but any man who would dare come South and speak against the treatment of the negro would be lynched in broad daylight. Is not this the same plan followed when we were slaves? The southern agitator and statesman, not satisfied to own slaves and live in slave territory but cursed the North and strove to spread the institution everywhere, They offered rewards for the heads of men in the north who opposed their efforts at slave legislation. This was kept up, until slavery became a stench in the nostrils of liberty loving people and it was killed. This spirit to crush and dwarf the negro by unjust legislation and mob violence is reaching its climax. This one-sided treatment of a helpless people, will surely call to God and all good men for settlement. In the mean time let us work pray and save.

BILLIARD TOURNAMEMT AT THE METROPOLE CLUB.

The Metropole Club, the well known social organization, will inaugurate the fall season at its spacious club rooms with a billiard tournament among its members. The contest will begin Oct. 1st and the occasion promises to be one of the most delightful affairs yet given by this well known club. Beautiful and appropriate 1st, 2d and 3d prizes will be offered for the winners. To make the occasion unusually interesting the champion pool Player of the District of Columbia will be invited to spend an evening with the club and give an exhibition of fancy shots.

JOHN T. FISHER

One of the many men nominated on the Mudd ticket, who has the confidence and respect of the people is Hon. John T. Fisher. He is popular with the masses and more especially the colored republicans of this country The democrats regard him a safe man although a repuclican and it is quite evident that he will be elected. Mr. Frank Hatton, of his county in whom The Bee has the most implicit confidence and for whom The Bee has the most profound respect, speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Fisher. Mr. Hatton says that he is the colored man's friend, that he has done more for the colored than any man in the state of Maryland. The Bee knows that the colored people will stand by those who stand by them, The colored republican is not ungrateful. Mr. Fisher will get his support because he is the colored man's friend and has proven it. The editor of this paper will in his speech urge his people to give Mr. Fisher their individual support, because the time has arrived for the colored man to gain friends. He needs them. The Bee will have more to say of Mr. Fisher in its next issue.

L. J. Woollen.

The citizens of Washington extend to Mr. L. J. Woollen their thanks and congratulations. He has for ten years been a public benefactor and has endeavoured to treat the colored citizens as a citizen, The Crew will give an Excursion and it is hoped that every patriotic citizen, who has been treated so well by Mr. Woollen and his crew, will show their gratitude by patronizing this excursion.

NEGRO LEADERS ORGANIZING.

Will Urge Congress to Give Them Suffrage in Southern States.

From the Daily Post.

A number of representative citizens met in the law office of Mr. Chase, 503 D st. northwest Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of organizing a local suffrage league Similar leagues have been organized in the North, East and West for the purpose of assembling in national convention in this city prior to the convening of Congress to memorialize that body as to the importance of enforcing the amendments to the Constitution of the United States before the next Presidential election.

Negro leaders say that if something is not done in the next Congress looking to the protection of the political rights of the negro in the South a revolt in the Northern, Eastern and Western colored vote will take place. The convention that is to meet in this city will be represented by delegates from every state, East, North and West, and a policy will be outlined for the colored vote to follow.

The following officers were elected: Rev. S. L. Carrothers, president; Attorney R. R. Horner, first vice president; Rev. Geo. W Lee, second vice president; Rev. J Anderson Taylor, third vice president; Rev. F. J. Grimke fourth vice president; Hon. Geo H. White, fifth vice president; Rev. R. S. Reeves, treasurer, and Attorney L. M. King, recording and corresponding secretary; committee on rules, W. Calvin Chase and Rev. R. S. Reeves.

Mr. Chase was appointed chairman of the executive committee. The other members of this committee will be named this week. It was decided to hold a mass meeting Friday evening September 25, and explain the full object of the meeting to the people. A special programme will be prepared by the executive committee, and the place in which the meeting is to be held will be announced later through the columns of the Post. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Taylor, Rev. Mr. Carrothers, Rev. Mr. Reeves, and Messrs. Horner, Chase and Curtis. It is claimed that the coming national convention will be composed of the most representative men in the country. No officeholders will be allowed to take part.

Chit Chat on the Lawyers.

Attorney Peyton tried to teach the Recorder what to say but could not say himself without a fee. His wife enastised him.

Perri W. Frisby was strictly in it. He was up-to-date.

Attorney Jones' suit just fits him. He was prime for a speech.

C. C. Curtis was a busy man. He took every thing in.

Douglass P. Syphax was dressed in the height of fashion. He looked alright.

Attorney Clinkscales had to sit in one place. The Madame was there.

Attorney King was free to go. She and they remained at home. It was strange, so to speak.

Recorder Dancey is always happy. He takes everything in to be congenial.

Those who got left and those who failed to come missed a treat.

Ambler's music is the finest in the market.

Stop over Permitted at Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will grant stop-over at Baltimore and Philadelphia on round trip Philadelphia or New York tickets, within limit.

Principal Conventions to be held in Various Portions of the United States for which Special Rates will be in Effect via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Baltimore, Md.—Seventy-Ninth Annual Session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O F., September 21-26 Tickets on sale September 19th, 20th and 21st, good returning until September 28th, inclusive

GROGAN.

One of the greatest installment houses in this city is Grogan. See advertisement in another column. Everything at this house.

THE LAWYERS' OUTING.

The Bar and 500 Friends, the Guests of Attorney Chase—Speeches Made by Ex-Senator John P. Green, Recorder Dancy, R. R. Horner and Others.

Mr. W. Calvin Chase a member of the local bar and editor of The Bee tendered the local members of the District bar and his friends numbering about six hundred, a complimentary excursion to them on last Tuesday evening on the River Queen. Mr. L. J. Woolen the popular manager personally conducted the trip. The boat left the wharf about 8 o'clock and went down the Potomac about 15 miles and on the return trip a stop was made at Notley Hall where an excellent entertainment took place. Mr. Chase introduced Attorney Thomas L. Jones as master of ceremonies, who made a brief speech setting forth the object of the trip to the bar and telling his hearers the importance of united action. He discussed self-government, and paid a high tribute to President Roosevelt which was received with enthusiasm. The first speaker introduced was Hon. John P. Green of Ohio, one of the most prominent members of the Ohio bar and at present United States Stamp agent who was full of fun and eloquence. It was short and pointed. He kept the people in one continuous roar of laughter.

THOEAS L. JONES,
Master of Ceremonies.

Attorney R. R. Horner was the next speaker. He paid his respects to the sage of Tuskegee. He did not believe in the submission that Washington was teaching. He made a most eloquent address which was enthusiastically applauded.

Calls were made for Recorder J. C. Dancy. Everybody was anxious to have this distinguished North Carolinian. His speech was conservative and his word well chosen. Lawyer Peyton asked Mr. Dancy to tell the people who makes their fights. A cry of the entire body of guests as if one person spoke cried out, Chase is the man. Mr. Dancy said, yes, Chase makes the fights. He was born fighting. At the conclusion of his speech which was loudly applauded, cries were made for Attorney Peyton He spoke about two minutes and sat down amid applause.

Prof. Edward Ambler's full orchestra rendered the music. Pieces were dedicated to Judge C. S. Bundy and Attorney James L. Pugh by Prof. Ambler which were applauded. It was quite evident that these two gentlemen are popular with the bar. It was the universal opinion that this complimentary excursion was the first that has ever been given the colored attorneys and one of the best that has ever gone down the river.

Great credit is due to Mr. L. J. Woolen, the manager for the conduct of all who attended Mr. Woolen is the first man to give the colored people an opportunity to go down the river. The River Queen is among the finest steamers on the Potomac. It is one of the cleanest and safest boats.

THE W. CALVIN CHASE CLUB.

Republicans Organizing Benning, Deanwood and Kennelworth Republicans Organize. Big Meeting Monday Night.

There were fully fifty representative republicans, representing Benning, Deanwood, and Kennelworth, met on last Monday night, at Kennelworth, D. C., and organized a W. Calvin Chase Republican Club. It was an orderly meeting of colored republicans and all of them seemed to be gratified and pleased with Mr. Brodie for calling them together. Short addresses were made. Mr. Brodie explained the object of the meeting and among other things said: that Mr. W. Calvin Chase is the foremost republican in the District of Columbia and a man who will defend the rights of his people. Messrs. Porter, Gray and Simms spoke along the same lines. These gentlemen were placed in nomination for the presidency but declined in favor of Mr. Brodie, who was elected unanimously. Other officers were elected as follows: Vice-President, Mr. Pierce, Recording Secretary, Mr. Dyer, Treasurer, Mr. Oscar. Committee on Constitution: Messrs. Oscar, Chairman; Gordon, Tutt, Pierce and Curry. Committee on Rules: Messrs. Pollard, Chairman; Tutt, Yates, Jackson and Saunders. Committee on Entertainment for September 28th: Messrs. Dyer, Chairman; Pallow, Stewart, Browne and Simms.

The following address was made by the President:

We have assembled to-night for the purpose of fostering the welfare of our country's call. Never has there been a time since the days of Lincoln, that we find ourselves confronted with so many problems which seem to baffle the minds of so many great and small as the one which stands for the masses of to day. Great, noble and true Presidents have fallen victims to the assassin's hand in the face of all that was true and great, but God in his all wise Providence saw fit to call them to higher, nobler and greater reward. Garfield, just as the day was about to dawn upon his akmistration, was stricken down by the assassin's hand with Arthur at the helm. Next came William McKinley. After one successful term of administering the public trust, bringing, as it were, the country out of bondage as a Moses, was slain. He with that noble, ardent spirit, and always looking to the betterment of a downcast, strickened and depraved people, was hurriedly cut off from extending the hand of fellowship to so many. But, as we had a man of that exalted principle, and wishing to serve our country as best he could in such trying circumstances, firmly encouched the true vigor and patriotism of his predecessor, and as was his characteristic, carried out his wishes, as we all well know, to the satisfaction of all true American people, it is for this purpose that we call this meeting-to-night. Our purpose should be one of high esteem and should have at its head one, who would cheerish, foster and always stand for what is true, great and honorable; one who is always willing to lend a helping hand, either with his presence or pen. I for one, feeling that the time has come when we should be up and doing and make an early start, have concluded with you all to organize a Republican Club in the first district, known as the "W. Calvin Chase Republican Club." Although we have not had as yet the right of suffrage in the District there remains work for us to do. It is to this end that I hope to meet with your hearty support and co-operation, feeling as I do that some good can be derived from such an organization, coming together from time to time and advancing and asking solicitations from those in authority for the betterment of our community. Now gentlemen and fellow citizens, I declare the meeting opened for your kind consideration of the subject Feeling as I do that I have your hearty support for the the Republican Party, and for this end, we meet as a "W. Calvin Chase Republican Club," knowing that he is a man of exalted principles, and we cheerish his name and adopt in Deanwood, Benning and Kennilworth the name of W Calvin Chase.

A BOOKISH LOT.

The biography of the late John Fiske, compiled partly from his documents and letters, and with many illustrations, is among the interesting books in preparation.

The New Jersey Historical society has elected President Roosevelt a life member. He is the first president of the United States to be thus honored, although Vice President Hobart was a life member, and Mrs. Hobart, his widow, is one of the honorary vice presidents.

Maeterlinck does not entertain such an exalted idea of the French drama as the Parisians do. He remarks in the International Theater that it is easy to find in German theaters more original, more interesting, sincere, and profound works than any of the great French successes.

The Boston public library offers a long list of books, other than fiction, which may be taken for the three summer months, thus giving not only those who sojourn in the country, but those who stay at home, the privilege of a leisurely examination of books in active demand in the winter months. Progressive libraries are realizing that their first aim should be not collection but the wide circulation of books.

Considerable surprise is expressed over the smallness of the estate left by Paul du Chaillu, the explorer and author. Mr. du Chaillu received much money from wealthy patrons and scientific societies to carry on his exploring work and also obtained handsome returns from the sale of his books, but he left only $500. The late Justice Charles P. Daly, of New York, in his will set aside a trust fund of $25,000 for the use of Mr. du Chaillu.

Getting Acquainted.

Mr. Stayout—Say, old boy they tell me you have given up all of your clubs and that you never go out at night any more.

Mr. Stayin—Yes; getting so well acquainted at home that my wife is beginning to call me by my first name.—N. Y. Times.

KNOWS NO SUPERIOR.

As a Driver of Trotters Millard Sanders Reigns Supreme.

Remarkable Turf History of the Man Who Drove Lou Dillon When She Made the Record of a Mile in Two Minutes.

Millard F. Sanders, who drove Lou Dillon in her recent race at Readville, Mass., when the sensational trotting mare stepped a mile in 2:00, not only establishing a world's record, but turning a trick which has been the ambition of the trotting horse world to reach since Maud S. brought the mark within hailing distance, is a St. Louisan born and bred.

Though he has not visited the Mound City in 25 years, he is well known to the older residents of that staid and venerable town.

His success with harness horses during the last few years has been nothing short of phenomenal, notable among his achievements being his campaign with the great mare Anzella, 2:06¾, during the 1902 season.

Mr. Sanders is a pupil of the old-time noted reinsman, R. S. Carr, who, in the '60s, enjoyed the distinction of owning two of the greatest trotters of the day—Dixie, 2:30, and Tackey, 2:26.

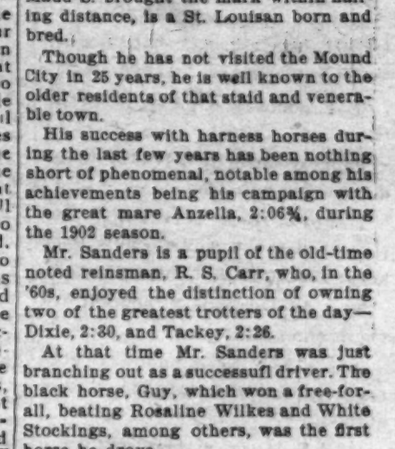
At that time Mr. Sanders was just branching out as a successful driver. The black horse, Guy, which won a free-for-all, beating Rosaline Wilkes and White Stockings, among others, was the first horse he drove.

Mr. Sanders went from St. Louis to Cleveland, O., and secured employment with W. J. Gordon. Mr. Gordon owned a large stock farm and Mr. Sanders was commissioned to do the purchasing.

He was told to "buy the horse of the century." Clingstone, 2:14, was Mr. Sanders' purchase, and that horse, driven to a high-wheel sulky, was one of the stars of his time.

Clemma L, 2:15; Mambrino-Sparole, 2:17; Nobby, 2:17; and William H., 2:18, were among Clingstone's associates at the Gordon farm the years Mr. Sanders was in charge.

Mr. Sanders left Gordon's employ after having worked for the Ohioan for 16



MILLARD F. SANDERS.
(The Man Who Drove Lou Dillon to Two-Minute Victory.)

years. He then started a public training stable in New York. He gave it up in two years' time and was signed by Count Valensin to go to California and take charge of his stable.

In one year Mr. Sanders developed two world's champions. They were Frou Frou, 2:25¼, a time made as a yearling, driven to a high-wheel sulky, and Fosto, 2:22¾, a pacer, also a yearling.

The veteran reinsman has to his credit five yearlings with records better than 2:30 and one with a mark of 2:32.

Sydney was the star of Count Valensin's stable. Mr. John Turner, of Philadelphia, offered $100,000 for Sydney after the death of the count.

Mr. Sanders then went to work for the management of the Oakwood stock farm. He again had great luck, winning many races and giving the colt J. F. B. a record of 2:25 as a yearling.

In 1901 he came east again and had two good money winners in Dollie Dillon, 2:07, and Janice, 2:08¼. Janice held the world's trotting record for a mile and an eighth until a year ago.

During the 1902 season Mr. Sanders campaigned Anzella with great success. She started 12 times against the greatest trotters in America, including Lord Derby, Maj. Delmar, Susie J., Rythmic, Nutbearer and Monte Carlo, and won eight sets of brackets. In Anzella's four other starts she was second.

Dollie Dillon was in poor form during the 1902 season and Anzella was Mr. Sanders' chief bread winner. Sir Albert S., another speed marvel which he drove, hung up a record of 2:03¾. In his match race with Prince Alert he was beaten after pacing the first quarter in :28½. In this race Prince Alert went the half mile in :57¼, which is a world's record.

Mr. Sanders is now in charge of the Santa Rosa stock farm of California. He is 47 years of age and easily one of America's premier drivers.

Positively Brutal.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Lashem, upon her return from the dentist's, "I'm glad that tooth is out; it will never ache again."

"Of course, not," replied the heartless other half of the combination. "It's beyond the reach of your tongue now."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

They Say

Two new Judges of the Police ocurt will be appointed.

President Roosevelt sees the necessity of a change.

Massachusetes has organized a suffrage association.

The white people of this country will be convinced that they can not select a leader for the negro

The democratic party is organizing.

Senator Gorman may secure the democratic nomination.

In union there is strength for that reason the white people want an apologist to lead the negro race.

The Afro-American council is a thing of the past,

There are to be no office holders members of the suffrage association.

Rev. S L. Corrothers will make a strong president of the new suffrage association.

The sage (?) of Tuskegee will be weighed in the balances and found wanting.

The most successful man in the United States is the one who can succeed.

The colored attney will organize some time in the near future

We do not know it all and it is well to take the advice of our friends.

Think of those who are your friends and who will treat you well,

The Business league that met at Nashville Tenn., was a good farce.

The Colored American that was going to swallow the world of news papers made its appearance last week.

It was a hard struggle for life and when it did appear there were many old faces put in to save composition.

A news paper with a circulation of ten thousand ought to be able to withstand chronic dyspepsia.

Look out for the National suffrage association,

Do not imagine that you are the entire country because you have a little money.

W. J. Bryan is a man who thinks he knows it all.

The Evening Star thinks Booker Washington is a great man.

The Star would have a similar opinion of other negro apologists.

Our contemporary should attend to its own business and allow the negro to select his own leader.

The Bee is of the opinion that the negro race is being betrayed.

Senator Hanna is not at all disturbed It is too early to talk about the national chairmanship of any party.

Let us first select a president then let us talk about a chairman,

The Bee is the Colored American of this city and the proper Record of events.

It is no Afro-American but a simon pure negro advocate.

It does not believe in the Plan eis, this is a dark Age that needs a Torchlight that will Appeal to the reasons of the people.

This race needs a Guardian to keep it straight.

Some Tribune are false and r n ecf a Lancet will tend to improve their condition.

The race is on trial and a ci- cious d

Editor Trotter is all right.

He is no trimmer neither is he s is

No negro clerk can be appointed prim at cCu m e

The only way to succeed is to succeed.

Let us have qualified suffrage.

There is a division in the ranks of the republican party.

Negroes are easily deceived.

There is a great deal for the negroes to learn.

Why can't colored men unite?

The most successful editor is the one who is able to command the respect of the people.

Have you read The Bee, if not do so at once.

There are lots of frauds in this country.

Look out for the man who claims to be soliciting cash subscribers for The Bee.

The merchants are warned to look out for a man who claims to represent The Bee.

KINGS AND QUEENS.

It is said that King Edward has given it to be understood quietly that he considers a toast as much honored by those who drink water as by those who prefer something stronger.

The khedive, whose tour in Europe is exciting so much interest, is still on the sunny side of 30. He was educated in Vienna, has a charming personality and his intelligence is altogether of a higher sort than that of his father, the Khedive Tewfik. He has but one wife and is understood to be devoted to her and their children—four little daughters and a son and heir just four years old.

Queen Helena of Italy has a very practical knowledge of cooking. At her father's homely and unpretentious court Queen Helena learned many useful things, and among them the art of cooking. The prince of Montenegro insisted that all his children should learn a trade—a rule which, by the way, obtains in the German imperial family—and the future queen became not merely a plain cook, but also skilled in the preparation of curious sweetmeats and patisseeie, of which the orientals are so fond.

The English bodyguard of gentlemen-at-arms, which is the "nearest guard" to his majesty, is limited in numbers and composed of officers who have seen active service, who are a certain height and under 50 years of age at the date of appointment. His majesty personally selects the officers who form his English guard, and the appointment is looked upon as a great prize. The gentlemen-at-arms have a very good billet, being called upon for duty at all court ceremonies, but never going out of England. The captain receives $6,000 a year pay.

Contrary to the general belief the young king of Spain is quite a muscular fellow. He proved that to Professor Lorenz during a recent visit of the famous specialist at Madrid. The king received the surgeon. The queen mother was present at the audience, during which Professor Lorenz happened to remark on the wonderful muscular development of her son. "See whether I am strong," said the king, and he proceeded to pick his mother up. Then he carried her around the room three times, much to the amazement of Dr. Lorenz, and the embarrassment of her majesty.

A Rank Outrage.

Business Manager—And now what's the trouble?

Irate Patron—When I gave your man my advertisement yesterday I explicitly stipulated that it was to run in the same column with the story of the woman suspected of murder. Instead of that it was printed right next to the report of a Sunday school convention. —Baltimore American.

A Strike of Enterprise.

New Reporter—Old Golding says that if I approach him again regarding that bank scandal he'll break every bone in my body; and he means it, too.

Editor—Great! That'll be good for three columns; go, interview him at once. I'll have an ambulance at the door when they bring you out.—Tit-Bits.

Her Brutal Father.

Algy—Gwace has a hahwid father. When I awaked him for her hand I said: "Love for your daughter has dwiven me hawf cwazy."

Cholly—And then, deah boy?

Algy—Then the old bwute said: "Haw, eh? Well, who completed the job?"—Kansas City Journal.

Sweden's Regsdag.

With the exception of the British parliament the Swedish regsdag is the oldest legislative body in the world. The kingdom of Sweden has maintained its integrity as far back as there is any record.—Indianapolis News.

Rubbing It In.

Husband—Last night I dreamed I was in Heaven. I wonder what that's a sign of?

Wife—It must be a sign that the old adage about the contrariness of dreams is true.—Chicago Daily News.

Cats to Fight Prairie Dogs.

Ranchers in Montana are importing cats from Minnesota, to kill prairie dogs. So far the experiment has been successful. On one ranch, 200 miles east of Butte, there are nearly 300 cats, and each cat kills an average of two prairie dogs every day.

Loaves Two Yards Long.

France is "boss of the bakery" in the production of large loaves of bread. Some of the French loaves are six feet long.

Whiskey $1.10 Per Gallon

We claim to be the *LOWEST PRICED WHISKEY HOUSE.* We really sell whiskey as low as 1.10 per gallon, and mind you; distilled Whiskey—not a decoction of chemicals—but of course it's new and under proof.

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Mrs. Bacon—Ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?

Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion.

Softleigh—I say, doctah, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?

Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.

"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people's lights have more to do with it."—Detroit Free Press.

Dog Knew Morse Alphabet and Knew How to Play Poker

This May Seem a Strange Story to Some Doubting Thomases, But All the Old-Time Telegraph Men of Colorado Vouch for Its Truth.

"EVERYBODY down at Granceros remembers Tan's pup," said the operator, as he flashed the picture of a dog before the eyes of a Nashville American reporter. "I remember the dog very well. Tanquary was the operator down there when I first came to Colorado. Graneros was made up of a battered box car that had been dumped at one side of the track. This served as a telegraph office, and it was a dreary place for the bravest man, and Tan got lonesome staying there.

"One day some one sent Tanquary a dog. It was a mean-looking animal of mingled breeding, and it had a tail of the length, breadth, thickness and general outline of a banana. But the dog was welcomed and soon made friends with the lonely operator. Tanquary taught the animal to go to the section foreman's hotel, where he boarded, and fetch his lunch, although the dog was at first inclined to take a Roman holiday with the food.

"Tan also taught the dog a number of tricks, such as standing on his head, to leap sideways, to chew tobacco and to smoke. The only picture I have of the dog is the one where he is seen smoking.

"Although Tanquary taught the dog a good many things the brute went on to learn many other things without the operator's assistance. The two grew more and more fond of each other, and once Tanquary came up to see if Denver was still here and he brought the dog with him. They had sundry adventures and finally brought up at a poker game behind a Wazee street barber shop. There three strangers had decided to gather in Tanquary's six months' salary.

"They played with great energy until the operator had reached the last dime in his pocketbook. He looked about him and his eyes fell upon his faithful dog, which had taken a position on a chair on the opposite side of the table. Tan looked mournfully at the brute for a minute, and then his love for the game overcame him and he said:

" 'If you are good sports you will let me put up that dog against a dollar's worth of excitement and we can go it a little longer. Otherwise I am out of it.'

"Tanquary told of the dog's accomplishments and put him through a few of his tricks. Something seemed to be worrying the dog, and it could be seen that Tanquary saw his pet was not satisfied to masquerade as a jackpot. Well, the three gamblers consented to let Tanquary stake the dog.

"After that the game became one of life and death. Tanquary, after the draw, found himself possessed of two kings and the same number of tens. All but one of the strangers fell by the wayside and Tan was getting worried about the single opponent, for the fellow held up three cards. The operator weighed his hand and then sat silently gazing at the two pairs. Suddenly he heard a sound, a slow, steady tap-tap. Tan's telegraphic ear caught from the mysterious sound these Morse characters:

" 'He has deuces.'

"Now, Tan was a man who did not inquire into the whys and wherefores of Providence. When a miracle was performed, the purpose of which was to inform him that the other fellow was bluffing on deuces, he accepted the tip and played back with all his strength. The result was that he garnered $2.85 on that pot and was staked for the next deal.

"They started in to play again and Tan got three kings. He was inclined to bet like an amateur, but he suddenly heard again the slow tap-tap. He inclined his head and heard the telegraphic alphabet. The dots and dashes read:

" 'Keep out. I see four nines.'

"Tan cast a hurried glance to see if he could locate his miracle-working messenger. He saw nothing but the dog sitting disconsolately on the chair on the opposite side of the table.

"KEEP OUT. I SEE FOUR NINES."

Nevertheless Tan threw down his kings and lost ten cents. On the next hand he reaped $37 on one of the spirit manifestations by telegraph, which told him one man held a pair of fives, another a bobtail flush and the other two pairs, kings up. He himself held three trays.

"Well, as the night wore away the mysterious messages kept coming and Tan began to roll in wealth. Next morning he went back to Graneros with $1,737, all the three sports and he himself had at the beginning.

"When Tan got up out of his chair one of the sports said. 'Well, I hope you've got money enough to buy that dog some grub. He's been sitting there wagging his tail all night.'

"Tanquary looked up in a rather startled manner, for a great truth was beginning to dawn on him. And he guessed right. The dog had been watching the other fellows' hands. His tail was sandwiched in between two of the uprights in the back of the chair. As Tanquary stood looking at the dog the brute's tail began wagging again. Tan listened closely and as the dog's tail struck the uprights of the chair the operator deciphered the letters. The message was:

" 'And we didn't do a thing to them.'

"Tanquary reached over and stroked the dog's head. He was mystified for awhile, and I don't believe he ever did figure out just how it came about, but it's a well-known fact."

Why She Resigned.

Lady—Why did you leave your last place?

Cook—I couldn't stand the dreadful noise between the master and missus, mum.

Lady—What was the noise about?

Cook—The way the dinner was cooked, mum!—Tit-Bits.

The Place to Knock.

"It will come out all right in time," he told his wife. "Fortune knocks at every man's door once, and some day she'll knock at mine."

"It won't help you any," returned his wife. "If Fortune wants to find you she'll have to go to the club and send in her card."—Chicago Post.

Minor Details.

"Father," said the little boy, "what is a mathematician?"

"A mathematician, my son, is a man who can calculate the distance between the most remote stars and who is liable to be flim-flammed in changing a two-dollar bill."—Washington Star.

Quite Unnecessary.

"I suppose," said the visitor, "your constant prayer is that you may ever be poor and humble."

"Not exactly," replied the village parson. "I pray that I may ever remain humble, but my congregation attends to the other part of it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Deacon's Opinion.

"Yes, suh," said the old colored brother, "dat boy is so fond er tradin' dat I ve'y believes dat ef he wus in Heaven, en dey let him come back fer a holiday, he'd sell his return ticket en trust ter bein' blowed back by a harricane!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Handicapped.

"But, if the professor is so absent-minded that he can't remember his own name, why doesn't he write it on a slip of paper and carry it with him?"

"He tried that, but he found that he couldn't read his own writing."—Brooklyn Life.

Knew Her Business.

Mrs. Newed—I would like a pound of your best cheese.

Grocer—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newed (examining it)—Why, this cheese is full of holes!

Grocer—Yes ma'am. That's the way it comes.

Mrs. Newed—Well, I don't want any of it. I'm not going to pay for a pound of cheese that contains a half pound of holes.—Boston Journal.

Wants and Wishes.

"There's a strange man at the door, sir," announced the new servant from Boston.

"What does he want?" asked the master of the house, impatiently.

"Begging your pardon, sir," replied the servant, a shade of disapproval manifest in his voice; "he wants a bath, but what he is asking for is something to eat."—Syracuse Herald.

Looking for Trouble.

"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife will want a lot of beating in that line."

"Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot."

"She was until our baby was born six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we shall not like."—Tit-Bits.

Reminders.

"What does that red yarn around your wrist signify?" said Trivvet to Dicer.

"That's to remind me to take coffee home this evening."

"And what does the yarn around your left wrist mean?"

"That's to remind me that there is yarn on my right wrist."—Judge.

Two Views.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I'm quite expert with my automobile now. What I know about road racing would fill an interesting book."

"What you don't know about it," replied the candid friend, "may fill a grave for you soon."—Philadelphia Press.

RODE FOR HER LIFE.

Thrilling Experience of a Plucky Montana Girl with a Pack of Wild Dogs.

Chased for more than a mile by a pack of wild dogs, apparently a cross between the common dog and the wolf, Miss Gertie Sullivan, daughter of a sheepman living on Birch creek, 19 miles from Havre, Mont., escaped only by spending the night in an old corral and picking off the animals now and then with rifle bullets.

Miss Sullivan was riding her pony across the prairie when she saw some distance away, perhaps twenty animals, which at first glance she took to be coyotes, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

As they came nearer, evidently in pursuit of her, the girl saw they were

MADE FOR THE CORRAL.

not coyotes, but wild dogs, of which there are several small packs in northern Montana and just over the Canadian line.

With the brutes hot on her trail, it became a ride for life with Miss Sullivan. She had with her a small rifle, but the animals seemed so savage she dared not stop and give them battle.

As she began to despair of saving her life she sighted the old sheep corral, and toward this she ran her horse, reaching it only when the pack was a short distance away, snapping and yelling with rage.

To enter with the pony and quickly close the gate behind her was the work of a moment. As the gate swung into place the leaders of the pack threw themselves against it.

Snapping and snarling with anger, the dogs tore at the poles forming the stockade, but were unable to gain an entrance into the place of refuge. After recovering her composure and finding that she was safe, the girl began shooting at the animals, which retreated when she fired and returned to the attack when the rifle was silent.

Miss Sullivan was found by her father and her brother, who had been seeking her. The dog pack disappeared when the men approached. The girl had killed several of the animals.

THE DOCTOR KNEW BEST.

Story Which Shows Faith of Pennsylvania Dutch Woman in Skill of Medical Man.

A Philadelphia musician who spent a week in Bethlehem retold to a Press reporter a stock of Pennsylvania Dutch stories, the favorite of which is the following:

It seems that a farmer named Hans was subject to some kind of fits which rendered him totally unconscious for hours at a time, and on several occasions convinced his good wife that she was a widow. It was pretty generally known that she was by no means averse

"DER DOCTOR KNOWS BEST."

to the widowed state, for she and the doughty Hans did not live in peace and amity.

One day Hans was stricken as usual. The good wife applied the usual remedies, but this time they failed to revive the unconscious man. A doctor was called, and after a thorough examination he shook his head and said, solemnly:

"Dot iss zu bed. He iss todt (dead)."

The widow pretended to be overcome with grief, and, leaning over the prostrate form of her husband, she wailed:

"Oh, mein Hans iss todt! Mein Hans iss todt!"

But Hans, reviving suddenly, exclaimed:

"Nein, nein! Ich ben nit todt!"

"Hans," said his wife, reprovingly, "be still. Der doctor knows best."

TWENTY POUNDS OF ICE.

That Is the Amount Consumed Daily by an Ohio Woman Whose Case Puzzles Doctors.

One of the strangest cases on record has been discovered in Wellston, O., and the medical men have as yet been unable to do anything for the victim of a new and peculiar habit.

Mary Munday, an employe of the International hotel, some months ago began eating small bits of ice. She experienced an inordinate craving for something cold, and nothing seemed to satisfy this desire but ice, and that but temporarily.

Beginning with small bits of ice, which she held in her mouth till melted, the young woman has gradually in-

BEGAN WITH SMALL BITS.

creased the quantity consumed each day until now she requires the startling amount of from 15 to 20 pounds a day.

So far as she knows there have as yet developed no other ill effects than the swelling of the face, hands and feet. These are puffed and flabby, a condition which possibly is due to the ammonia in the manufactured ice which she consumes.

Took Her Choice.

"Bobby," said the mother of a precocious five-year-old, "I see your little sister has the small apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?"

"Yes'm," replied Bobby. "I told her she could have the small one or none, and she took the small one."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Own Way.

"Do you ever have your own way?" asked the cynical near relative.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Sometimes I have my own way; but not without consulting Henrietta very carefully before I make up my mind."—Washington Star.

She Did Her Best.

Mrs. Uppmann—I must tell you, Delia, that I was displeased at your entertaining that policeman in the kitchen last night.

Delia—Faith, Oi did ax him into the parlor, ma'am, but he wouldn't go.—

A SENATOR'S ROMANCE.

W. B. Heyburn, of Idaho, Weds His Boyhood Sweetheart in Old Pennsylvania.

A romance extending over a quarter of a century came to a happy climax recently in Philadelphia, when United States Senator Weldon Breyton Heyburn, of Idaho, was married to Mabel

WELDON B. HEYBURN.
(United States Senator from Idaho Hero of a Romance.)

Geraldine Yeatman, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, sweetheart of his boyhood and divorced wife of Dr. Pyle, of that state. Years ago Miss Yeatman and young Heyburn, both Pennsylvanians of Quaker ancestry, were sweethearts. In 1884 the young lawyer came west to make his fortune and settled in Idaho. He became a leader, acquired wealth and at the last session of the Idaho legislature was elected senator. Meanwhile Miss Yeatman had married, but unhappily. She obtained a divorce. Senator Heyburn renewed his suit with such success that his sweetheart, who had resumed her maiden name, accepted him.

When Senator Heyburn appeared at the office of the clerk of the orphans' court in Philadelphia to obtain a marriage license the instrument was temporarily refused him because he was unable to answer certain facts about the divorce of his intended wife. Later the license was issued and the marriage took place.

An Index of Prosperity.

According to Dun's Index the value of articles used by the average person in the United States during the last year, if bought at wholesale, was $98.83. The year before it was $101.91. These figures correspond closely to those of 1888 and 1889. Two years ago the amount was $91.50.

NICE SORT OF GHOST.

Spirit of a Woman Leads an Old Prospector to Fabulously Rich Vein of Gold.

Old John Willis, a prospector, who has been a familiar figure on the streets of Pendleton, Ore., for several years, will prospect no more—he has found a gold mine so rich as to place him in the ranks of the country's millionaires.

Willis has just returned from a long visit to the Blue mountains, and the tale he tells is remarkable, to say the least. With him he brought a sack full of big nuggets, which have been examined by half the assayers, who pronounce them pure gold running nearly $22 per ounce.

The aged prospector has interested two of the bankers of this section in his find, and a party of workmen will proceed at once to the claims of Willis in the hills.

Willis has always been a man of mystery. He appeared on the streets of Pendleton many years ago, but as to his history he always has been silent. That there was a romance in his life he had admitted, but the nature of it he never would disclose.

He has been regarded as eccentric in many ways, and when he announced on his return the other day that he had

BROUGHT A SACK OF NUGGETS.

named his mine the "Haunted Luck" he was looked on as unbalanced.

It is the claim of Willis that he was led into the mine, which he claims is a world-beater, by the ghost of a woman named Lucy. This woman has been with him in the spirit, he says, for more than 25 years, and to her he lays his good fortune.

This is the first time that gold has been found in considerable quantity in the Blue mountains.

Making a Defense.

Lawyer's Helpmeet—What's worrying you to-night, dear?

Lawyer—I've got a client who is defendant in a jewelry robbery case, and I don't know whether to prove an alibi or show that he comes of a wealthy family.—N. Y. Herald.

Failure.

"Gosh dern, Mary!" said the bride's father. "I guess you'd better git married ag'in."

"Law! what is the matter, paw?"

"Why, the paper says the ceremony went through without a hitch."—Indianapolis Sun.

Proving His Case.

Bill—You say her face would stop a watch.

Jill—Sure; a pickpocket was after her timepiece, one day, and she just looked at him, and the watch stopped where it was.—Yonkers Statesman.

Something Wrong.
ADDICTED TO THE HABIT.

Old Gent—Don't you know that is a very bad habit?

Tommy—I know it is; I've tried for years to break myself of it—but it's no use.—Ally Sloper.

Generosity.

The man who says he likes to work—
We hold him in affection rare.
We let him do his stint of toil
And likewise offer him our share.
—Washington Star.

Taxes.

"Certainly the rich will not object to the single tax, once they understand it well."

"One would suppose they'd rather have only one tax to dodge than half a dozen."—Detroit Free Press.

Strong Habit.

Cumon—Did your friend Tanker succeed in breaking his terrible drink habit?

Bangs—No; the habit succeeded in breaking him.—Baltimore American.

Rivals.

Percy—My papa owns a newspaper!

Jimmie—Dat's nuthin'; I buy and sell 60 of 'em every day!"—N. Y. Times

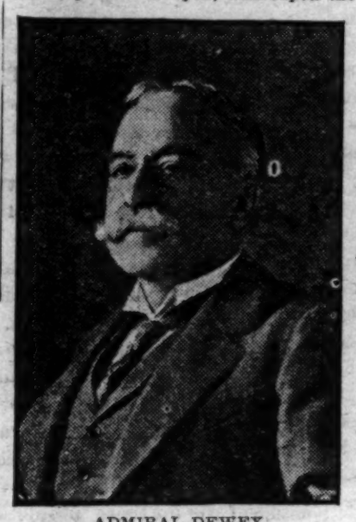
ADMIRAL TELLS STORY.

Yankee Scheme to Fool the Hens Unfolded to Dewey by a Chinese Newspaper.

Admiral Dewey was a prominent figure at the Saratoga races. Usually he occupied a box. One afternoon a little party of farmers came up to shake hands with him, and thereafter naturally the talk turned to agriculture.

"When I was in the Philippines," said Admiral Dewey, "an American resident brought me one day a Chinese paper. He said this paper would interest me because it contained an account of an American invention. Then, with a smile, he translated a paragraph that ran something like this:

"'The ingenuity of the Yankee is typified well in a hen's nest that he has recently invented and patented. This nest increases the laying capacity of the hens to an unlimited degree. In the bottom of it there is a trap door, governed by a delicate spring. The hen lays an egg, the weight of which causes the trap door to open, whereupon the



ADMIRAL DEWEY.
(Hero of Manila Is Winning Fame as a Story Teller.)

egg drops down into a subterranean compartment, and the door closes very swiftly and silently again. The hen gets up, turns to look at the egg, but sees none there. So she decides that she must be mistaken in thinking she had laid, and sits down again and deposits another egg, which, like the predecessor, disappears. The process continues indefinitely.'"

A Natural Conclusion.

First Mucker—Say, Chimmy, wot's poundcake?

Second Mucker—Ah, g'wan—dog-biscuit, of course.—Harvard Lampoon.

LARGE FOR HIS AGE.

Yet the Conductor Was Persuaded to Pass the Widder Jones' Boy Without a Ticket.

"I'm afraid I'll have to charge you full fare for that boy, madam," said the ticket agent, as he issued a ticket to a sharp-featured Boston woman of middle age, and held out his hand for the

"DOES HE GO?" SHE ASKED.

additional fare. "What for?" she asked. "He is more than 12 years old." "Ain't you 'Tom' Sanders that used to live in Greenwich about eight years ago?" inquired the woman, eyeing him. "Yes, but why?" "Used to buy your tea and sugar of Widder Jones?" "I believe I did." "I'm the Widder Jones. Recollect the last lot of groceries you had of me; those you promised to pay for in ten days?" "Why, Mrs. Jones didn't I—didn't I—" "Those groceries, Mr. Sanders, ain't been paid for yet, and this boy lacked about a month of being 12 years old when you got it. Does he go?" "He goes, madam," said the agent, as he gave her a half ticket with a sickly smile. "The boy is probably large for his age."

Frankness.

"Now tell me honestly," said Gazzer, interrupting himself in the narration of a story, "have you ever heard this before?"

"Yes, I've heard it before" replied Lysner, frankly, "but I'll acknowledge I never heard it told worse."—Town Topics.

She Was Very Sorry.

"Didn't see you at the function, last evening," said the first matron.

"No; I was so awfully busy. I'd had to have broken my neck to have gotten there!"

"I'm sorry you didn't get there."—Yonkers Statesman.

Resented.

"Didn't you once say that your wife was the match of you?"

"Only once," answered Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta heard it and said it was very unkind and unjust to blame her in that manner."—Washington Star.

COLORED MAN HONORED.

Maj. Franklin A. Denison, of Chicago, Knows How to Command Genuine Respect.

In no state more than in Illinois does the able and deserving negro receive prompt and distinguished recognition. This is well illustrated in the case of Maj. Franklin A. Denison, a colored lawyer of Chicago, who, a few days ago, was appointed quartermaster, with the rank of major, on the staff of Gen. James B. Smith, of the Third brigade, Illinois national guard. It is not the first time that Maj. Denison has been honored as a colored man of signal ability. He was the first colored man ever elected valedictorian of his class in a northern college; he was the first colored man ever appointed a city prosecuting attorney in the north; he was the first colored man

MAJ. F. A. DENISON.
(Colored Soldier Who Has Been Made Brigade Quartermaster.)

to serve as president of a general court-martial in the United States army, and the first colored man to sit on a court of army claims.

Maj. Denison was born in San Antonio, Tex., in 1862. He obtained his early education in the public schools of the Texas city. Later he was graduated from Lincoln university, in Pennsylvania, as honor man of his class, and in 1890 was graduated from the old Union college of law (now the law school of Northwestern university), carrying off the highest honors for scholarship and being elected as valedictorian and class orator. In 1891 Mayor Washburne, of Chicago, appointed him assistant prosecuting attorney, a position he held through the administrations of Mayors Harrison, Sr., Hopkins and Swift, the last named promoting him to be chief of his department. In 1897 he resigned to take up the general practice of law, in which he built up a lucrative business, with white persons as well as colored among his clientage.

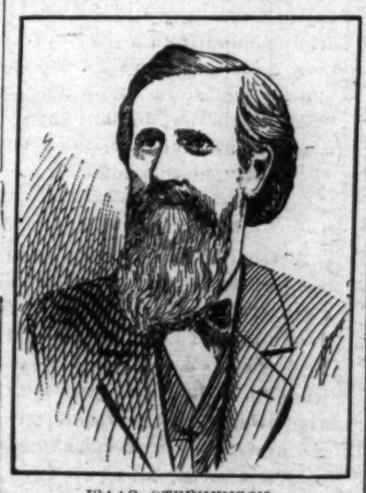
At the beginning of the Spanish-American war Maj. Denison joined the Eighth regiment, Illinois national guard, and was soon after commissioned major, and took command of the Third battalion. He went to Cuba with his regiment, and there Gen. Lawton made him president of the general court-martial of the district, the only colored man who ever held such an important place in the army. Later Gen. Lawton appointed him one of the three judges of the court of army claims at Santiago. It was this tribunal before which all claims for damage done to the property of Cubans by the invading army were brought.

After being mustered out of the service with his regiment in 1899, Maj. Denison resumed the practice of law in Chicago with greater success than ever. He is married, has a family and a handsome home.

ISAAC STEPHENSON.

Venerable Wisconsin Business Man Who May Be the Next Governor of His State.

Isaac Stephenson, who, according to the prophecy of William E. Curtis, will be the next governor of Wisconsin, has done more, perhaps, than any other living man for the development of the industries of his state. He was born in New Brunswick in 1829, and went to Wisconsin at the age of 12. After working on a farm, he bought a schooner which he sailed between Milwaukee and Escanaba, and invested the savings of his enterprise in timber lands. He is now president of a large lumbering company and owns the controlling interest in a bank, named after him. He has served in the state legislature, and represented his state in the house of representatives at Washington.



ISAAC STEPHENSON.
(Lumberman Who May Be the Next Governor of Wisconsin.)

SNAKE FOUGHT WELL

Struck Its Tormentor After Having Been Cut in Two.

William Schley's Experience with a Rattler That Was Lively in Sections—Chicken as a Snake Bite Remedy.

William Schley, of Decatur township, Williamsport, Pa., has resolved never again to cut a rattlesnake into more than two pieces. An experience which he had a day or two ago has convinced him that he may make two snakes out of one with impunity, but when he gets greedy and tries to make three, there is apt to be trouble. Incidentally Mr. Schley has learned that as snake-bite medicine common chicken can give cards and spades to whisky—a remedy which heretofore has been regarded as an indispensable adjunct to life in this mountainous region.

It may be of interest to know just how it feels to be bitten by half a snake, and so Mr. Schley's account of his experience is given as he told it. While he talked he had a swollen and discolored right arm in a sling and sat dangling his legs from the piaform outside the crossroads store, near his home. A half dozen of his friends stood about and listened with awe at the recital, which had to be repeated as often as another man appeared on the scene.

"It happened up here in Sharer's gap," said Mr. Schley, to a New York World correspondent. "I started for a mess of huckleberries. After driving up through Bald Eagle valley to the gap, I hitched my horse and took my basket from the buggy. It was just a few feet from there that the berries were thick. I was crossing the road to the patch when I saw a big rattler right in front of me. In my time I have killed some big ones, but none that could hold a feather to that fellow.

"For a moment I stood admiring him and wondering how I could catch him. He seemed peaceable enough coiled up there in the road, and I thought he might stay there till I could get a crotched stick in the woods and catch him. I had a hatchet in the buggy and

BROUGHT THE HATCHET DOWN.

went to get it, thinking to cut a crotched stick with it.

"Well, sir, that snake must have been watching me, for the moment I turned my back it made a lunge for the horse's leg. I brought the hatchet down on the rattler, and when I lifted it there were two snakes where there had been but one before. I had cut the fellow in two, and yet I hadn't taken the fight out of him. No, sir. He kept right on—that is, the front part of him did—and in another moment he was ready to strike the horse. So again my hatchet went down, but he swerved aside and let me have those fangs right in the forefinger of my right hand here.

"Well, I tried to shake him off, but he wouldn't shake worth a cent. In my excitement I forgot that I had a horse and buggy so near at hand, but I did remember that Chris Sharer lived about five miles from where I was, and I started over the hill toward his house. I put my foot down on the end of the snake and pulled my hand free from his fangs. I ran faster than ever before until I reached Sharer's home.

"My finger had swollen to twice its natural size and my hand was badly swollen. My arm was blue up to the elbow. Sharer at once bound my arm to stop the circulation and then poured whisky into me.

"Sharer killed a chicken and split it open. Then he split my finger where the fangs had entered and placed the chicken on the wound. The chicken meat turned green and yellow, and gradually the swelling in my arm went down and the pain stopped. Mr. Sharer then made a poultice of soap and the white of an egg, and put it on the wound.

"This relieved the pain, and soon the liquor that I had poured into me sent me to sleep. I remained at Mr. Sharer's house all day and then went home. Although the swelling had gone my arm felt sore, and I expect it will be some time before I can use a hatchet again."

Chinaman's Unique Excuse.

At Hong-Kong the other day a Chinaman was fined $10 for biting the thumb of a policeman. The defendant thus denied the charge: "I did not bite him, sir. I was in a crowd, when, feeling a hand rudely thrust against my ear, I turned round suddenly, closing my mouth as I did so. I found the policeman's hand in my mouth, and he seemed pained. So was I."

Homes Are Safe in Turkey.

To seize a man's residence for debt is unlawful in Turkey, and sufficient land to support him is also exempt from seizure.

The Bee.

PUBLISHED AT

1109 "I" St., N. W. Washington, D.C

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR.

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Subscribe, monthly	20

Lo! the Poor Indian.

"Comparisons are odorous," even under the most favorable conditions. Nor would we be inclined to indulge in them, were it not for the *"new schism"* now being exploited by certain white people, regarding the colored people of this country.

The purveyors of this new idea display but little delicacy and less regard for the truth, in their contention that the colored people are far the worst element in the American body-politic.

To be sure, everybody knows, who has taken the pains to investigate, that the colored people are rapidly advancing surely, and that their progress would be far more rapid were it not for the obstructions placed in their way by mean and spiteful politicians and prejudiced critics.

But even to this latter class we may reply through the authority of a white journal whose managers are no doubt tinctured more or less with American race prejudice.

The *Kansas City Journal*, of recent date, published an article on the Indian, taking him up as a moral, material, social and intellectual factor and sums up the cost he is to the United States Government. After stating that the annual expenditure for the privilege of guardianship over the Indian amounts to $9,736,186 09, it says that the Indians, as a class, are the worst and most worthless set of people in this country." Here is a bold unequivocal statement, which at least gives the colored people a good place in point of undesirability and worthlessness as a race. This condition appears less excusable when we come to consider the vast advantages which the Indians have had from time immemorial. The article goes on to state that for the sole item of Indian education, the United States pays out $3,600,000 annually; that the various reservations contain 76,116,713 acres of land—an area greater than all of the New England states and New York and Delaware combined; that this area sustains a population of 13,044,070 of other races, as against 237,196 Indians. In other words, notwithstanding the fact that the Indians are granted over 320 acres per capita and are given nine millions of dollars besides, yet they are the "worst and most useless set of people in this country" While we are not inclined to misjudge or blame the Indians, for we have troubles of our own, we must confess, that considering the advantages and encouragements they have had, we are surprised that the *Journal* could truthfully cast so odious a reflection. Unlike results have followed the career of the colored people of this country. They started from out of the house of bondage, into an untried doubtful and dangerous future, without money, with but few friends and many enemies, with but scant qualifications and less experience. Buoyed up by an unfaltering trust in God, a determination to do the right and stimulated by a laudable emulation for the higher and nobler types of manhood and womanhood, the colored people have made wonderful progress along all commendable lines. This progress cannot be referred to special patronage or governmental guardianship or munificence. Had the government displayed such munificence toward the colored race as it showed the Indians, God only knows how much further the race would have been advanced. On the contrary, progress has been made in the face of every conceivable kind and degree of obstruction. We started from the Emancipation without money and the enemies of the race sought to perpetuate that condition. The fruits of our labor were filched, opportunities for education both literary and industrial have been minimized and by falsehood and diplomacy and legislation, our enemies have sought to crush the spirit of independence and destroy our political influence and deny us our manhood rights. Yet our advancement has been steady, solid and consistent. The Indian has been pompered and patronized. It has been said that the government owes this to the Indians, because they once owne the country and because possession was forced from them by the whites. If it is true that it can be truly said that they owned the land (and who is honestly entitled to more land than he can honestly utilize?), it is certainly an indication that the government has some conscience left, when it shows a disposition to requite a wrong, at least as it regards the claims of the Indians. But what becomes of the conscience of the nation, when after having feloniously appropriated the fruits of nearly three centuries of the toil of the colored people, now denies to them not only a measure of compensation, but actually institutes a system of persecution and outrages, which far out-rank in intensity and barbarity the terrors of the inquisition and the methods of the Turk? Here is a contradiction, which emphasizes the statement that "Republics are ungrateful." And yet the propaganda of race hatred and opposition goes steadily on. Till and John Temple Graves and their venomous coadjutors are villifying and misrepresenting the patient and much abused Negro and appealing to the whites to banish them from the country lest they contaminate with their blood the "pure white race. And yet in accounting for the gradual falling off of the Indian race the *Journal* has this to say: Reliable authorities claim that the Indians never exceeded 600,000, and that their lessening numbers are due not to disease, but *in large part*, to the assimilation, going on with the white people. The race-problem howlers object to a discoloration of the "pure white race," and yet it is admitted and permitted that that race is being mixed with the Indian blood, which is "the worst and most worthless set of people in this country," and copper colored at that. Strangely inconsistent is this white man and doubly unjust when he would withhold a helping hand from a striving, patient and progressive colored population while he is willing to "mix" with the Indian whom he describes as "the worst and most worthless," in this country.

MORE HOT AIR.

Another Daniel has come to judgment in the shape of a prodigy strangely named Graves. The full designation of this new offshoot of Beelzebub is John Temple Graves, whose lurid fumes recently set Chicago all agog over the race question. For hysterical utterances, chimeras, wild statement, false statistics, a bominable logic, it surpasses the speeches of Tillman. Graves seems to have thought that the management of the Chicago university expected him to enlighten them on the race problem, when as a matter of fact the real aim was to see how truth, moderation and sincerity the friends (?) of the colored people had among the so-called best white people of the south. Graves seems to think that this thing they call the race problem is that which "the temporizing statesmanship of a civil revolution has forced upon the age." In this, the man is correct and it is perhaps more on this account than any other that this scion of Rebeldom is so bitter and so unjust.

Yes the civil revolution to which he refers struck the fetters from four millions of slaves and placed them on the broad platform with men panoplied with all the rights, priviliges and immunities of men. This transition has embittered the the southern white people and it is for this reason they have sworn to use all methods good, bad and indifferent by which to neutralize or destroy the influence of this new class of citizens.

There are some reasons which these southerners regard as justifying them in their hellish methods. They regard themselves as superior to any other set of men. They hate the yankees because they work and because they take the lead in all that emphasizes the best and most civilized society; because they write all the books, invent all of the useful machinery, discover all of the new methods which have gained for this nation the first place among the great powers.

In war and in peace the yankee takes the lead and casts a shadow on the southern white brother which makes him black with rage.

The colored people have become the beneficiaries of the spirit of justice of the northern people and for that reason they are misrepresented, persecuted and villified by the southern whites not so much on the negro's account as because the yankees forced freedom upon an unwilling and desperate Oligarchy, and the northern whites see this.

Graves regards the race question as one of "moral decay." There are certainly some evidences of moral decay in this matter. It is not where Graves would have them appear. It is with Graves and his sympathizers.

Much uneasiness and horror are manifested at the alleged unspeakable outrage as so often referred to by Southern negro-phobists. Condign, swift and savage punishment is too often meted out to the accused. In these cases the justification for lynching and burning is behind the fearful exhibition of brute force. And this brute instinct is what the southern people [illegible] so much about. But what sort of force do these people call that, through the fearful instrumentality of which thousands of bastards have been thrown upon the body politic? To our mind it is worse than brute force. It is brute force coupled with moral depravity. This depravity becomes more horrible because it is exhibited by the so called best white people of the south.

Senators, Judges, Preachers, planters and in fact no sect or profession is exempt, have had their illigetimate children It is only necessary to go through any part of the south to verify this statement. Of course we do not mean to say that every southerner is guilty; but it is so common it goes without saying. If the ignorant negro is to be lynched and burned, what should be done to these moral lepers who, while plying their incestuos business are holding up their hands and protesting that they are the only "pure stuff" and everything and every body else is bad. This is the phase of moral decay with which the question is afflicted. Under such conditions there is no wonder that we hear Graves talking about the unscrupulous capacity and determination of the Anglo-Saxon to rule In the course of his harrangue Graves referred to the ballot and said that it is "the palladium of our liberties." This was to impress the audience that he was a patriot and a champion of the principle which admits of no taxation without representation. And yet he vigorously denies the right of a certain class of citizens to exercise the aforesaid palladium. As a solution of the very much vexed question our orater prescribes separation. He says "separation is the way, the only way." Now every body knows, who knows anything, that such a remedy is the best which would be applied by the southern white man. It is the most transparent piece of diplomacy yet advanced. It is not only gauzy but ridiculous and only shows to what length the enemies of the colored people will go to satisfy their renown. The fact is that such talk is designed to fool the North. It is a sort of scare-crow to keep the colored people from going North; for if such an event should transpire, it would impair the sugar, cotton and tobacco industries of the south, which are the principal sources from which the south derives support. The south does not want the colored brother to leave the south. He wants him to remain there and they are now playing a desperate game to keep him there. He knows that if he goes north he will be an elective force against the southern whites and he is therefore telling all sorts of tales to make the north believe that colored people are friends. This is the scheme that the Virginia slave holder played in order to prevent his slaves from running into Maryland. The Maryland negro was represented as having horses, and thus the Virginia negro was content to remain at home. Here is the analogy. The south to prevent the negro from leaving the south says to the north, "these negroes are terrible brutes, let us deal with them." But the little scheme went work. The northern people may be patient and conservative but they are not fools, notwithstanding such individuals as Graves would have them so.

STICKS TO INSURANCE.

John A. McCall Not Carried Away by the Fleeting Honors of Political Office.

Shortly before President Roosevelt tendered the war portfolio to Judge Taft it was rumored in New York and Boston that the post, soon to be made vacant by the retirement of Secretary Root, had been tendered to John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance company, and famous the world over as a business executive without a peer. At the age of 54 Mr. McCall has the mental and physical activity of men half his years. He entered the insurance business

JOHN A. McCALL.
(Insurance Man Who is Said to Have Declined Cabinet Position.)

as a bookkeeper, and so progressed that in 1892, at the age of 43, he was made president of the New York Life. With him in the cabinet the administration would have been in close touch with the great financial interests of New York. But plausible as the political part of the rumor of Mr. McCall's appointment was, it was not credited in insurance circles, because insurance men did not for a moment believe that he could afford to give up his magnificent salary as president of the New York Life for the fleeting honors of a political place.

American Street Railways.

The street railway companies of the United States, 987 in number, make returns showing an investment of $2,308,000,000.

Postponing Trouble.

Grandma (severely)—Johnny, if you leave those bread crusts you'll see the day when you'll want them.

Johnny—Well, when I want 'em I'll eat 'em.—Judge.

A Left-Handed Acquaintance.

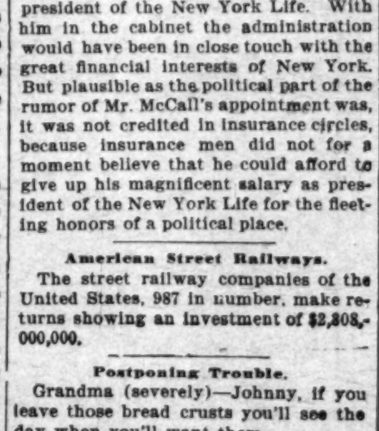
Mrs. En Regel—How did you happen to know that Mrs. Fitz Quiggs?

Mrs. Savoir Faire—Oh, I don't know her; she just belongs to our church.—Brooklyn Life.

His Preference.

"Are you the kind of man to embrace an opportunity?"

"Well, I might embrace an opportunity, but I prefer a girl."—Chicago Post.



JOHN A. MOSS
The Oldest Member of the Bar.

PROMINENT SPEAKERS AND MEMBERS OF THE BAR WHO SPOKE AT THE LAWYERS' TESTIMONIAL SEPT. 15, 1903.

JOHN P. GREEN

J. C. DANCY

PERRI W. FRISBY

"All men are equal before the law," remarked the student of legal lore.

"Possibly," rejoined the meek-looking man with the hairless pate "but not before the mother in law."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sufficiently Urged.

"I wonder why none of those McGabbleton girls has married?"

"I suppose it's for the same reason that you didn't attend the Vanderbilt wedding."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woman, Lovely Woman.

He—Don't you think that Miss Gingerly is rather artificial?

She—Indeed she is—especially her hair and teeth.—Chicago Daily News.

Up Against a Hard Fact.

Many a man has dreamt he dwelt in marble halls and awoke in a stone-yard.—N. Y. Times.

Couldn't Fool Her.

"My dear Miss Mylluns," said the impecunious young man, "I love you more than I can find words to tell."

"But I presume you could tell me in figures," rejoined the beautiful heiress, in tones that suggested the ice man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Apology Needed.

Kutten—You'll excuse me, old chap, for not introducing you to my wife. The fact is you know, she's—she's so infernally particular

Dryde—In everything but her choice of a husband, perhaps. I see.—Chicago

Too Much Doing.

Actor—Say, I can't play all three of the parts you have assigned me in this melodrama.

Manager—Why not?

"Because in the first act two of them engage in a fight and the third rushes in and separates them. See?"—Chicago Daily News.

Information Wanted.

"Say, Mr. Caller, my big brother says that sister's steady was a saphead and an 'it,' and me and Willie wants to know if you're sister's steady and what is a saphead and what is an 'it'?"—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Not Much to Tell.

"Hello!" said the busy man, "come down and tell me what you know."

"I'm going out of town," said Borem, "I've just got five minutes to spare."

"Well, that's loads of time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Remedy.

Johnny—Ma, aren't they using kerosene oil to get rid of the mosquitoes?

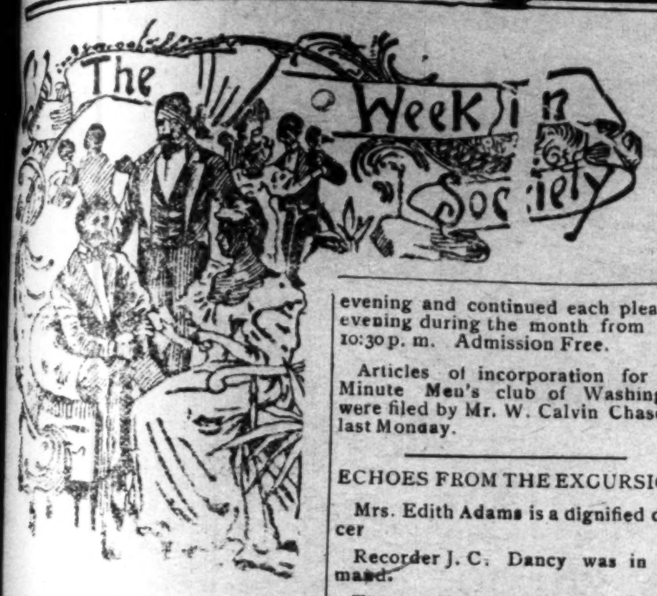
Mamma—Yes; I believe so.

Johnny—I wonder why they don't give them castor oil?—Puck.

Off on a Bender.

Officer—I suppose you gents are on pleasure bent.

The Gents—Not exactly; but we have a—hic—leaning that way.—Harvard Lampoon.



Mr. W. L. Walton has returned to the city.

Miss Emma McGinnis has returned from New York.

Mr. W. D. Montague has returned from his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Scipio Baker will visit the East next month.

Mr. R. F. Chisolm left the city for New York last week.

Miss May Russell has returned from Summit Point, W. Va.

Miss Mabel Manning has returned from Somerset Beach, Va.

Miss Emma F. G. Merritt is at her home sick with the neuralgia.

Dr. C. C. Stewart is confined to his bed with inflamitory rheumatism.

Miss Blanche Colder is in Baltimore, the guest of her friend, Mrs. Peck.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Mitchell arrived in the city last week from the South.

Justice Robert H. Terrell and wife left the city for Tennessee this week.

Mr. Henry D. Pryor left for Providence, R. I., last week to be gone three weeks.

Miss Laura Tyler left the city Tuesday for New York, where she will remain all winter.

Attorney Perri W. Frisby of the local bar will visit his home in Philadelphia next month.

Mrs. M. E. Taylor of 1431 11th St., N.W., is now in New York, visiting Mrs. Mary Stephens.

Major Charles R. Douglass and Miss Mattie E. Bowen have returned to the city from California.

Miss Helen Hitchens has returned to her home in Baltimore, after a very pleasant stay of a week in this city.

Miss Nannie Harris has recently been appointed printer's assistant, in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffins of New York ave. N.W. have returned from their vacation spent in Atlantic city and Hampton, Va.

Mrs. Laura V. Contee, who has been on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Henderson in New York city, returned on last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wright have returned from Atlantic City from their vacation and are stopping with their mother, Mrs. Robb, 1431 11th St. N. W.

Mr. J. T. Nickens arrived from White Sulphur, W. Va., last Tuesday afternoon, looking first-c ass. Mr. Nickens stay in the mountai s was beneficial in every particular.

Miss Irene Jackson, who was the guest of Miss Maggie Stewart, 234 Oak St., N. W., returned home last Sunday. Miss Jackson is quite charming and ranks among the first of the Quaker city belles.

Mrs. Fannie Mitchell, who has been visiting her brother and sister in Waterfall, Va., returned to the city on last Monday. Mr. William H. Mitchell, her husband, paid a visit to his wife last week and returned before she did.

Mrs Stewart M. Lewis and her sister Miss J. . Cropper have returned from their vacation spent in Chicago and Milwaukee. They had a royal good time. They were entertained by their friends in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Mrs. Dr. Immes of Philadelphia, Pa., paid a flying visit to this city, Saturday of last week, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierce, 332 Elm St., N. W.

Mrs. Rachel A. Wilkinson, the wife of Assistant Law Librarian J. F. N. Wilkinson, has returned after a month's absence, during which time she visit the Catskill Mountains, Saratoga and Jersey City, N. J., the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. W. Cannon, and her son, M. Wellesley. Her looks portray that the visit was one of benefit and pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Browne have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Martha A., to Mr. Arthur F. Boston, Wednesday evening, September 30th, at eight o'clock p. m., at 233 O Street, Northwest Reception 8 to 10. At home 1415 Pierce Place, N. W., Sunday, Oct. 4th from 4 to 5 p. m. The contracting parties are among the most popular in the city and their many friends are preparing to give them a royal reception.

The Park Roque Club, composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. A. S. Gray, Wm. A. Joiner, James L. Neill, Robert Pelham, Furmia J. Shadd, Jr., Charles S Syphax, and Drs. Conner and Scurlock, opened their new grounds on Monday evening last, the 14th, at which their many friends were invited. The Club, under the management of Mr. Robert Pelham, Jr., has just completed the construction of two up-to-date courts and have prepared an interesting evening's outing for their guest. The grounds are located on 6th and Trumbull Sts., and the courts are lighted for night play. The club's blue ribbon series of games will be inaugurated on that evening and continued each pleasent evening during the month from 6 to 10:30 p. m. Admission Free.

Articles of incorporation for the Minute Men's club of Washington were filed by Mr. W. Calvin Chase on last Monday.

ECHOES FROM THE EXCURSION.

Mrs. Edith Adams is a dignified dancer

Recorder J. C. Dancy was in demand.

Thomas H. Carter meant to enjoy himself.

W. H. Brooker had his followers out in force.

Theodore Green was the adonis of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Cregwell were center of attraction.

Lawyer Jones was very dignified. He never lost his head.

Miss Lizzie E. Scott and Mrs. Butler took things quietly.

The Sage of Anacostia, Attorney Moss, was full of law.

Mrs. Clinkscales kept tab on her husband. He kept close.

Fossett was there and everywhere. He is a jolly good fellow.

There were lots of pretty girls present and they enjoyed themselves.

Attorney L. M. King was the heart breaker. He knows a thing or two.

Stewart M. Lewis was under the wreath but he thought of the judges.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevens were in evidence. The madame is a fine waltzer.

Attorney Scipio Baker must call his better half a pet name. She looked sweet.

Mrs. Nellie Morgan thought the occasion surpassed anything given this season.

Attorney Peyton gave a Chesterfieldian air. He was the lawyer of the period.

Miss Dora Jackson had a desire to observe the stars, hence she went near the pilot.

Ex-Senator John P. Green is an entertainer. He knows what to say and how to say it.

Lawyer A. W. Scott was disappointed. She did not come. He declined to talk on that account.

Our genial Dick Morris has broke the record. He has not been on an excursion for twenty years.

Mr. Fountain Peyton suggested to the recorder what to say. And when he was called upon he declared he he could not talk without a fee.

Douglass B Syphax was one of the obscured. Douglass was one of the boys. He contributed to its success.

Major C. A. Fleetwood the old veteran, reminded the guests of old times. The Major has not lost any of his old time vigor. He is the same old Major.

BRIGHT WOMAN LAWYER.

Miss Florence H. King, of Chicago, Admitted to Practice Before Supreme Court.

The invincible determination of Miss Florence H. King, of Chicago, has crowned her with an honor which many women envy. Not in 11 years

FLORENCE H. KING.
(Chicago Woman Who Stands High as a Patent Lawyer.)

had a woman been admitted to practice before the supreme court of the United States until Florence H. King, April 20, 1903, made bold to knock, qualify and enter. She was born on a farm in a log cabin, and has made every step count in her career, which has been as solicitor along patents and patent causes, and to-day success crowns her efforts. Miss King is not only an expert in legal matters, but a graduate in mechanical and electrical engineering. She is not only the only woman west of Washington to be admitted to the supreme court, but she is also only the fourth woman in the legal profession. Her achievement is an incentive to women, and an unanswerable argument that a refined gentlewoman can enter the professional field and command admiration, as her efforts are due to her own perseverance.

Fighters and Fighters.

"In France," boasted the man with the shrugging shoulders, "we have the science of the combatting to a fine point got. We fight with the feets."

"Ugh!" retorted the sporty American, "you're not so far ahead of us. Our pugilists fight with their mouths!"

EDUCATIONAL.

HOWARD UNIVERSITY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Including Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutic Colleges....

THIRTY-SIXTH SESSION (1903-1904) will begin October 1st 1903, and continue seven (7) months.

DAY SCHOOL FOR NEW MATRICULANTS .....

Tuition fee in Medical and Dental Colleges, each, $80.00. Pharmaceutic College, $70.00.

Four years' graded courses in Medicine and Dental Surgery.

Well equipped laboratories in all departments. Unexcelled hospital facilities.

All students must register before October 12th, 1903.

For catalogue or Further information apply to

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AVERY COLLEGE TRADE SCHOOL

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Monday, Sept. 7th 1903

An ideal trade school for young colored women who desire expert mechanical knowledge as a means of increasing their earning capacity. Dress making, Millinery, Tailoring, Music and an English course from primary to normal.

Boarding, laundry, furnished room steam heated, electric light, $11.00 per month covers all expenses.

In appointments, cuisine service, and for the comfort of our students this school is excelled by no negro institution in America.

Catalogue now ready, address all communications to

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Allegheny Pa

LEGAL NOTICE.

Richard R. Horner, Attorney.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding a Probate Court.

No. 17,688, Administration,

This is to give notice:

That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of Joseph Clinton Bush late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 31st day of August, A. D. 1904, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 31st day of August, 1903.

Mivina P. Bush, 3354 6th st., N.W.
Attest: John R. Rouzer
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia.
Clerk of the Probate Court.

W. C. Martin, Attorney.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding a Probate Court.

No 11,657, administration

This is to give notice:

That the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate court of the District of Columbia, letters Testamentary on the estate of Emma A. Carroll late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of August, A. D. 1904, otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 28th day of August, 1903.

William T. Carroll, 443 Washington st., N. W.
Attest: John R. Rouzer.
Deputy Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate court.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Hourly Passenger Train Service between Washington and Baltimore

From New Jersey Ave., and C St., "every hour on the hour" 7:00 a. m. to 8 p. m. Returning, from Baltimore in like manner.

New Saloon

1310 Penn. Ave., and E St N. W

All leading brands of Whiskies. Braddock Wilson, Old Taylor, Paul Jones, Overault, Congress Hall formerly 15 cents, will be sold for 10 cents over the counter.

J. H. MONTGOMERY, Proprieto

J. 1-4 t.

NOTIN the TRUST

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This ice is made from distilled water drawn from artesian wells. It is from the same water veins that furnished the famous Columbia Springs, Free from Bacteria and Microbes. Hotels, Boarding Houses and Government Departments should use this Ice. We can supply our Customers and their friends, with Coal, Coke and Wood as promptly as we do with Ice by calling E. 859 phone.

J. E. McGAW,
President and Manager.

Cor. 5th and L Sts.. Northwest

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Carpet Your Floors and LIVE Comfortably.

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New 1903 Models

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Any other make or model you want at one-third usual price. Choice of any standard tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strongest guarantee.*

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J. L. MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago, Ill.

DROWNED IN WINE TANK.

Fumes of the Spirits Overcome Two Coopers in California and Cause a Tragedy.

Overpowered by the fumes rising from an old wine vat, which they were repairing, Jacob Walker and Alfred Richardson, Fresno, Cal., fell into the receptacle and before assistance could be given them they were drowned. The accident

WALKER DESCENDED.

happened at Kingsburg, where a new winemaking plant is being constructed by the Italian-Swiss colony.

George Lawson, another cooper, employed with the drowned men, also fell into the tank, but fortunately escaped the fate of his companions.

The tank is of 22,000 gallons' capacity, and had 2½ feet of mixed wine and water in it. The men had taken off the head of the tank and in doing so had accidentally dropped some of their tools inside. A rope was lowered into the tank and Walker descended on it to secure the tools. He had gone but a little way when he was overcome by the fumes and fell to the bottom. He called for help as he was falling and a ladder was secured at once and Richardson started into the tank to his assistance. Richardson, too, was overcome by the fumes and fell into the tank. Lawson followed Richardson, intending to get both men out of the tank. When he felt the fumes overpowering him he clung to the ladder until his companions hauled him back out of danger. Walker and Richardson were dead when fresh air made it safe for the other men to venture into the tank.

The dead men were coopers and had been working at the new plant about a month. Both were from San Francisco. Nothing is known concerning their relatives. Neither was married.

SHAVED HIS WHISKERS.

When Aged Gentleman's Wife Returned Pathetic Scene Ensued and Hubby Repeated.

There is a well known old gentleman in Detroit who might a few days ago have been easily distinguished in a crowd by the length of the hirsute adornment on his chin. His wife is a motherly old body who hadn't seen her hubby without those patriarchal whiskers for more than 30 years, till one sad day last week, that will long be remembered in that particular household and by the remainder of the party that were spending a few weeks at the St. Clair flats.

The old gentleman rather prided himself on his good looks. He was a great admirer of a pretty face. There were a number of ladies in the party who began to rally the old man about his looks. He would be much better looking, they said, if only he would shave off those old whiskers.

One day last week his wife went up the river with a friend. The old man disappeared for a long time. When he finally reappeared he was a sight for the gods. His whiskers, in which he had taken so much pride, were in the waste basket, and his chin was as smooth as a baby's. It took about 15 seconds for everybody in the house to get next, then such shouts of laughter arose as never before had been heard in that cottage. But, says the Detroit Tribune, the pathetic part

HIS WIFE CAME BACK.

of the incident happened when his wife came back. The old man had forgotten all about his whiskerless face. His wife gave one gasp of astonishment and sank to the ground overcome. When she came to she sobbed as if her heart were broken, and the old man followed suit. Locked in each other's arms the couple sat on a table, and the members of the family say that for at least one hour the tears coursed down their withered faces. The aged culprit is making all possible haste to cultivate a new bunch of spinach.

MYSTERY OF A COFFIN.

Three Trembling Policemen Badly Scared When Supposed Corpse Speaks to Them.

His hands crossed peacefully on his breast, the body of a man lay on the top of a polished oak casket in an alley to the rear of an undertaking establishment at 262 Wells street, Chicago. The coffin was supported on chairs, and a dozen lighted candles flickered and flared in the night air.

Three policemen from the East Chicago avenue station saw the lights.

"Ha!" said the foremost. "A mystery!"

The three approached. When they saw the still form they hesitated.

"A wake," said the man in the rear, mopping his brow. "Far be it from me to disturb the slumber of the dead."

Investigation was necessary, however. There were no mourners in view and the policemen tremblingly approached.

As they did so the corpse sat upright The policeman did not flee—principally because their trembling legs would not support them.

"Whazzer mazzer?" inquired the corpse, balancing unsteadily.

He was placed under arrest. At the Chicago avenue station he gave his

"HA! A MYSTERY!"

name as John Golden, 129 Chicago avenue. He had been out with convivial companions. When he sought slumber his friends carried out a coffin from the undertaking establishment to the alley, placed it on four chairs, and placed lighted candles on it. Then they raised their slumbering friend on it. He was too large to find accommodations within.

Then they left him.

Travels of a Bullet.

A rifle bullet is traveling at its greatest speed not as it leaves the muzzle, but at about ten feet in front of the muzzle.

LITTLE BOY TRAVELER.

During Long Trip He Made Acquaintance with a Lady Who Will Marry His Uncle.

No one will dispute little Anthony Cusack, 3½ years old, in his claim of being the youngest globe-trotter in the world. He has finished a trip from Liverpool to Chicago, which he made all alone.

His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Cusack, 4628 Champlain avenue,

MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A YOUNG WOMAN.

had left him in the care of an aunt in Waterford county, Ireland, three years ago. As his mother wanted to see him, and she could not go to him, it was necessary that Anthony should come to her.

After taking all possible precautions his aunt put him aboard a steamer at Liverpool. He soon made the acquaintance of a young Chicago woman. She was very much interested in the child, and also in the fact that Anthony had an uncle in Chicago whom he prattled about continuously. In fact, the little fellow unwittingly sowed the seeds of a romance, which is soon to find its culmination in Chicago. The other day, while petting the tiny newly arrived traveler, Mrs. Cusack admitted that her brother was engaged to Anthony's traveling companion. As for Anthony, he was too happy to talk about anything but his great trip.

The Oldest Postage Stamp.

The stamps of Hong-Kong, which remained unchanged since the first issue, are the oldest in the world. All other stamps have been changed in the forty-odd years, but the head of Queen Victory on the Hong-Kong stamp has never been altered. Now, however, it appears that a new set of stamps is to be issued with the head of King Edward, and when the change has taken place the oldest stamp will be the Russian, with the double headed eagle and the shield of St. George, which was issued in 1864.

Greatest CHANCE To Buy Clothing

NO Ifs nor **Ands**, no **Whys** nor **Wherefores** just one of the biggest Drops in the price of Clothing ever known at this season of the year and this is given over to the telling of what we are going to do, rather than why we can do it.

Men's Suits $5.48 Several Styles of cheviot and cassimere a variety of patterns well made, and perfect in fit in every way a first class Business Suit.

Men's Suits $8.50 About twenty styles of high grade wool cheviots and worsteds also plain blu and black worth 10 and $12.

Men's Suits $10.00 Made of high grade velour cheviots and worsted perfect in every detail of workmanship, not a suit worth less than $15.00.

Men's Overcoats $6.98, $10.00

Elegant quality Oxford gray, also Blue and black kersey. Some are made with raw edges and lapped seams lined with heavy farmers satin and silk velvet collars.

Young Men's Overcoats $5.98—$8.50

Oxford gray, Melton, Kersey, will give thorough satisfaction and would sell easily at $6.00 and $10.00.

Suits for Young Men from 14 to 19 years. Strictly all wool well made and lined, thirty styes to choose from $8.00

MEN'S TROUSERS $2 AND $2.50

One of the greatest values ever offered, wool cheviot and cassimere trousers in stripes checks and plaids well and fit well, not a pair worth less than $3.00 and some worth $4.00.

Boys' all wool suits $2.00

Strictly all wool with double breasted jackets taped seams 7 to 15 years not the suit that is usually sold this price, but a suit that more often sells for $2.50 and $3.00

Boys Overcoats $2.00---$2.98

The popular garments for Boys of all ages, this season's newest shades of covert cloth Oxford grays well made and trimmed and properly cut.

An elegant assortment of Boy's Blouse Suits 3 to 10 years in large variety of neat checks plaids and plain blues, every suit is well made lined and trimmed and will give good wear. Not a suit in this lot worth less than $2.50 during this sale only..... **$1.69**

Men's Merino Underwear 29c.

Men's $2.00 Hats in all the new Styles $1.39

Every dollar you spend here during this Sale will have the force of two and then if you are in any way dissatisfied with your purchase you money will be refunded for the asking.

GEORGE & Co.

910 Seventh Street, Northwest

[Between I and K.]

They banish pain and prolong life. ONE GIVES RELIEF.

P·I·P·A·N·S

...r what the matter is, one will do you and you can get ten for five cents.

Bacon—I understand J. Pierpont Morgan began watering stock at a very early age.

Egbert—Can that be possible?

"Yes; he worked on a farm as a boy."—Yonkers Statesman.

No Reform Wanted.

"I think they ought to enforce the law which requires that oleomargarine shall be distinctly labeled as such."

"Heavens, no! Let us keep some of our illusions."—Judge.

One Little Favor.

She—No, it can never be. I do not love you enough to be your wife. But, before you go, I want to ask one favor.

He (dejectedly)—Well, what?

She—Please do not marry any one else.—N. Y. Weekly.

TELEPHONE.

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Specially for medicnal and family use

OLD ORD and TREMONT, Pure Rye Whiskies.

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Leave Washington, from station corner New Jersey avenue and C st.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWEST, *11.00 a. m., *6.20, p. m.

CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS AND LOUISVILLE *10.05 a.m. *4.25 p.m., *7.20 night.

PITTSBURG AND CLEVELAND *11.45 a. m., and 11.00 night.

COLUMBUS AND WHEELING *8.00 a. m.

WINCHESTER *8.35 a. m., *4.15, 6.20 p. m.

LURAY, *4.25 p.m.

ANNAPOLIS, 7.20, 9.30, 11.20 a.m., *5.00, p. m.

FREDERICK, *8.35, $9.15, 11.00, a. m., *4.30 *6.20 p. m.

HAGER TOWN, *10.05 a. m. and *5.00 p. m.

BOYD and way points, *8.35, $9.15, $1.25 *4.30, *5.30, $10.25, 11.30, p. m.

GAITHERSBURG and way points, $9.15 a. m., 1.25, $3.15, *5.30, *6.30, *5.30, *7.05, 7.20 $10.15, *11.30 p. m.

WASHINGTON JUNCTION and way points, *8.35, $9.15 a. m., $1.25, *4.30, *5.30, p. m.

BALTIMORE, week days, 2.30, 3.40, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30, 12.00 noon, 12.05 1.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 2.30, 3.40, 4.30, 5.30, 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

Bay Ridge, 9.30 a. m. week days; 9.00 a. m., 5.45 p. m. Sundays, effective June 15.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

All trains illuminated with Pintsch gas.

For Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and the East, *3.00 *7.00 (Diner), 8.00 a. m. (Diner), $9.00 (Diner), *10.20 (Diner) a. m. 2.00 p. m. (Diner)... *3.00 ("Royal Limited," Diner) *5.00 (Diner), 8.00, 11.30 p. m. (Parlor car open at 10.00 o'clock.)

Atlantic City, 7.00, *10.00 a. m., 1.00 p. m.

*—Daily. †Except Sunday. §Sunday only. ‡Express trains.

Baggage called for and checked from hotels and residences by Union Transfer Company on orders left at ticket offices, 619 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, New York avenue and Fifteenth street, and at stations.

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Established 38 years ago. The largest wholesale store of the most exquisite, faultless wines and distillates (274 kinds in all.) At Chris. Xander's moderate prices it is impossible that others can compete in quality and purity with any of his good. Notably so as to liquors. None that contain fusel poison are admitted to his Massachusetts Avenue Warehouse and hence the safest kinds only are obtainable by his patrons at sale 909 7TH ST. N. W. (No branches) Phone 147

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141 7th St., bet L & M Sts., N. W.

Elite Whiskey A SPECIALTY and all the Popular Brands. The largest glass of Henrietta BEER IN THE CITY.

The Rose Vine.

The sun flung a kiss to the vine by the wall
Where it lived all austere in the shadow and gloom,
And it shuddered at thought of poliboy so small;
Then it blushed, and was radiant with roses in bloom.
—Washington Star.

There Are Others.

The other day a young man gave as a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life.

"I should like to dance," he said, "but I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."—Tit-Bits.

Something New.

"Yes," said the museum manager, "I've engaged a living skeleton and a fat freak that are positively unique."

"But living skeletons and fat women are such chestnuts—"

"Ah! You've said it. These are a living skeleton woman and a fat man."—Philadelphia Press.

By Miss May Clematis.

Some girls are too fresh.

Do not go alone on excursions.

Every girl should protect herself.

Do not express too much anxiety.

Do not expect to please everybody.

Courtship is of short duration now.

Never introduce yourself to a male.

Do not imagine that you are pretty.

It is bad taste to admire yourself.

Notice is like fresh cake it will get stale.

Independence in a girl will demand respect.

S. T. You must be able to protect yourself.

Be slow to speak but quick to comprehend.

Self pride will after lead to ridicule and disgust.

When your conscience is right, you need not fear.

Always be on time when you intend to attend church.

What will please some people will not satisfy others.

The honeymoon lasts three days only and hardly that.

O. T. Dresses have been quite pretty this summer.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you,

Everything that becomes other people may not become you.

He will not respect you, neither should you ask to be introduced.

Familiarity should not be tolerated, it will cause you to be disrespected.

Nellie. Deception is very often evident in a fickled minded girl,

Sarah. Do not be selfish. It is in bad taste to impose upon a true friend.

Paint on the face is vulgar. It readily illustrates the character of the wo-man.

Nobody will allow a man to walk with them with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.

Miss E, You should not doubt when you see evidences of affections and of fidelity.

Be what you are and do not ever attempt to make of yourself something else.

Your good senses will teach you whether you are respected by your male escort.

Always keep one thing in view and that is always keep the gossipers tongue quiet.

A good house wife knows how to manage a house and what will please her husband.

Miss O. Do not believe everything that is said to you. It is well to weigh well, everything.

Sadie. Do not imagine that your place cannot be filled by another. Girls are often of this opiuion.

Bessie. Be contented and you will succeed. There are times in ones life that acts become bungleso me.

Miss R. M. Flashy dressing will become some people but what ones thoughts are is another question.

Etta. Friendship can be alianated by coolness and indifference. Some people cannot appreciate true friendship.

Miss T. M. You cannot expect to hold your friends by deception. This suggestion was given to you some time ago.

Miss. How can you expect to demand respect if you do not conduct yourself properly. You ask for advice. Be wise and let your actions and conduct show what you are.

J. M. All work is honorable, and you should never be to proud to do honorable work. Protect your honor no matter where you may be or what you may be doing.

Miss M. You doubt yourself, hence you cannot trust others. You must have confidence in some body. Never come to a conclusion until you are thoroughly convinced, Do not suspicion a friend without cause.

J. A. Take life as you find it. It is what you make it any way. There are people who believe that goodness is in excessive praying. Many hypocrites pray with no meaning or sincerity.

Jane. Be thoroughly convinced that you have selected the proper person before you give the final yes. It is a life time companionship. Divorces are dangerous. Do not marry for the name your condition is to be improved and your companion the proper person to marry.

L. E, You are going away for the summer. You want to know what s to do. It is better for you to go t some quiet country place and rest up. You cannot afford to participate in the gaieties of life if you expect to resume school work in the fall. Your health will not permit you. Take a good rest.

International Rivalry in Locomotive Building

Why England Does Not Take Kindly to American Types--The Best English and French Patterns

"Toot, toot," says the locomotive. And "toot, toot," says the Englishman, as he proceeds in defense of the product of the British shops. The average Englishman is generally willing to concede nothing in favor of the foreigner, is quick to claim much in his own favor, and is persistently blind in the direction of his neighbor's advancement and progress. But this charge cannot be made against the British railroader. It is true, he is ready to defend to the last ditch the merits of his own engine in comparison with those of other countries, but, on the other hand, he is an eager student of locomotive development, and has the keen eye of observation out to discover the first sign of advantage which the foreign locomotive builder may be gaining over the British mechanic in the size, durability and speed of the machines turned out. The bump of caution is well developed in the Britisher's head, and he wants to be sure before he goes ahead. That is the reason the superior advantages claimed for the American locomotive are so slowly conceded, and the American type of engine so persistently and effectually kept out of the country. In fact, the differences of physical conditions under which the English railroads operate are allowed to more than offset any apparent advantage which the American railroads may possess. "Of course," says an English writer, "the wonders of American locomotives are made the most of when British railways are to be depreciated, but the report of Lieut. Col. Yorke, of the London board of trade, on his recent visit to the United States, shows that, owing to fundamental differences in construction, 'what is possible in the one country is impossible in the other, and we can never hope in England to equal America in the size of our engines or cars.'"

Another Englishman, J. F. Fraser, recording his impressions of a visit to America, in a book just published, entitled, "America at Work," says: "The American talks much about the enormous rate at which his trains travel; but, striking an average, they are far slower than the British." And it is with a good deal of satisfaction that the Englishman can point his finger over in the direction of France, and say, with a deprecating air: "And it must be remembered, also, that America is not the only country that can boast able railway administrators—the Northern railway of France runs a train from Calias to Paris which holds the world's record for speed."

At the meeting of the stockholders of the Great Western railway of England in February last, the chairman, Earl Cawdor, said:, "There is a type of engine working on a certain line in France doing extremely good work, and we want to be satisfied whether they can teach us anything or whether they cannot. We have given instructions for one of these engines to be built in France, and delivered to us, and when we get it we shall carefully watch its trial with our best engines, and see whether it is better than the engines we have at the present time. That is a wise thing, and I do not tcare whether it is from the French or the Germans, if we can learn something or another." And then, as though fearing he had said too much that might be construed as praise for the foreign engine, he added: "You will, however, be pleased to know that the man who built the engine, although not bearing an English name, is an Englishman."

These engines, designed by M. du Bousquet, the locomotive engineer of the Northern railway of France, cover the journey between Calias pier and Paris, with a single stop at Amiens, a distance of 184 miles, in 190 minutes. They are "compounds," and while they weigh only 63 tons, the tender is of great size, weighing 45 tons, and carrying five tons of coal and 4,225 gallons of water.

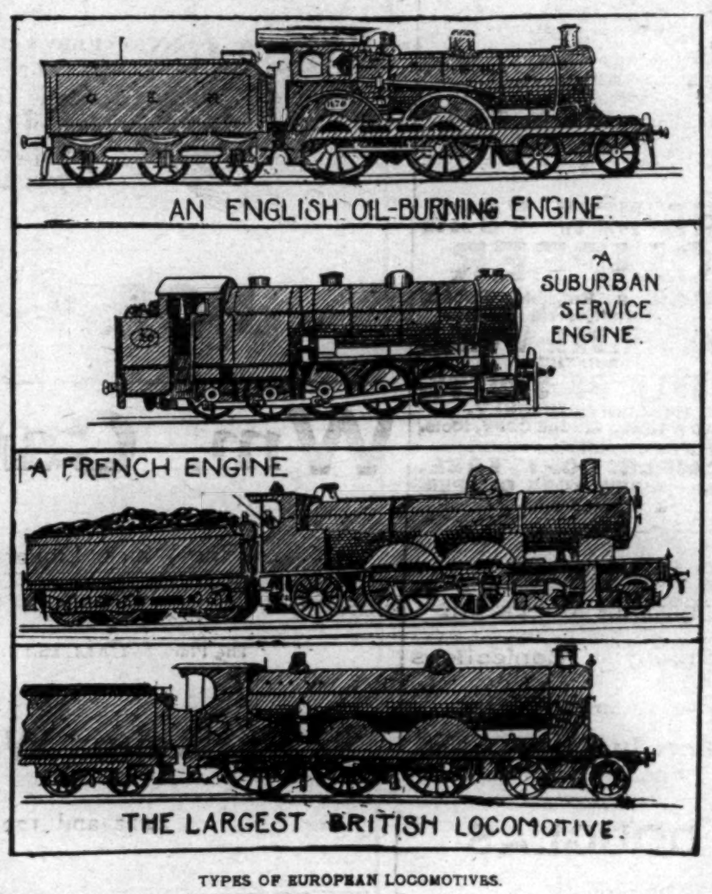
The Caledonian Railway company claims the honor of running the largest locomotive in England. The accompanying illustration gives some idea of her proportions. The engine has a leading four-wheeled truck and six drivers which measure six feet six inches in diameter. The cylinders, which are placed inside between the frames, are 21 inches in diameter and 26 inches long. The boiler has 200-pound steam pressure and a heating surface of 2,400 square feet. The engine alone weighs 72 tons, and the tender, which is supported by two four-wheeled trucks, has a fuel space for six tons of coal and a capacity for 5,000 gallons of water.

To meet the ever-increasing suburban traffic from London, the directors of the Great Eastern railway have adopted the system of widening their carriages, by which, with only third-class vehicles used when the class of business to be dealt with is heaviest, 852 passengers can be seated in each train. To secure sharp starting with such heavy loads, Mr. J. Holden, the locomotive superintendent, designed his "decapod" engine, now being tried experimentally between Liverpool street and Enfield, which can attain a speed of 30 miles an hour at 30 seconds from starting—thus saving about ten minutes on the journey and allowing a more frequent service of trains.

The Great Eastern Railway company has for some time past been using oil as fuel on some of their best engines, the very easy gradients of the districts served rendering this more possible than on less-favored lines. These engines of the "Claud Hamilton" type are used for the royal specials which the company have to run. Any suitable oil can be burnt. Many types of locomotives fitted with the Holden apparatus are in use in various parts of the world.

This brief summary of the situation in England shows that there is activity in locomotive building, and that the Britisher, with all his faults, is anxious to obtain the best, even if he has to go outside his own country for machines or ideas. We wish to just mention a new style of motor coach which is being built for the Southwestern and Brighton railways. The carriage will accommodate 42 passengers—12 first and 30 third—and one ton of baggage. It weighs complete, with water and coal, 23 tons, which is lighter than an ordinary main line coach. It can attain a speed of 25 miles an hour easily in 57 seconds. It is worked by two men, a driver and a conductor.

DANIEL CLEVERTON.



TYPES OF EUROPEAN LOCOMOTIVES.

The Observant Daughter.

"Wealth and good looks, Millie," counseled Mr. Hunnijar, "are desirable in a husband, of course, but they are not the essentials. Amiability is far more necessary than either."

"I know it, papa," responded his daughter, "but I never expect to find a husband I can manage as easily as mamma manages you."—Chicago Tribune.

The Unexpected Happens.

"Why that look of surprise?" asked Blowell, who had just finished relating a remarkable story. "Don't you believe it?"

"Yes; that's the peculiar part of it," replied his friend, Naggsby. "I happen to know that it is true."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Revenue from Refuse.

The commissioner of street cleaning in New York city, Mr. Woodbury, has been explaining how the municipality derives a revenue from every bit of street sweepings and refuse collected in New York, and he is proud of the good results from the city's incinerator and "digestor." "Now, what do you suppose," he said, "frequently clogs up our sifter? Why, hairpins! Do you know we sell tons of them and get quite a revenue from them? And what do you suppose came out of the 'digester' the other day? Two one-dollar bills. After the refuse is sifted," he continued, "it goes into the digester and later on is covered with oil. The top is skimmed off and what do you think we do with that? Why, that goes to Holland or France and comes back to this country as perfumery."—N. Y. Sun.

Could Afford a Better One.

"Of course you have a genealogical tree?" suggested the caller.

"Oh, yes," suggested the hostess, carelessly. "But we don't think much of it."

"You don't care much for such things, perhaps?"

"Oh, it isn't that, but this don't seem to be much good."

"Not complete enough, possibly?"

"It goes pretty near back to Adam, if that's what you mean," returned the hostess, "but there ain't enough kings and queens in it to suit me. Why, only this morning I told John to take it back and tell the man that got it up that we can afford a whole lot better one than that."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Must Curl Their Hair.

Traveling beauties never take passage on an ocean steamer without a spirit lamp, to heat their curling tongs. This practice imperils the ship, through danger of fire. One of the big steamship lines has fitted every stateroom on its vessels with an electric apparatus for heating the curling tongs.

No Race Suicide Here.

The family of Andrew Vandervliet, of Passaic, N. J., increases more rapidly than his salary. He has been married ten years, and has ten children. The last eight were born in pairs.

-Hair Restorer

All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairoline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cre m so cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

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Come one; come all.

Fierce Battle With Hungry Bats

Explorers of a New York State Cave Have Thrilling Adventure—Polar Bear Kept Captain and Crew of a Ship in New York Harbor Guessing for Several Hours.

A STRANGE bat story is reported from Fort Plain, N. Y., to which town Frank H. Fayant, George Cook and Carl H. Greene have returned alive from a visit of exploration to the famed "bottomless" cave in the Big Nose mountain near Sprakers.

They took with them 200 feet of rope, and after finding the hole in the ground which gives entrance to the cave they tied one end of the rope to a nearby tree and let themselves down about 16 feet, where they found the cave enlarged to a considerable extent. They continued to descend into the mountain until the end of the 200 feet of rope had been reached, when, after an exciting experience, they were forced to return.

Hundreds of hungry bats assailed them from all sides, and through the blackness of the "bottomless" pit the phosphorescent gleam of their wicked eyes showed that the cave was inhabited by thousands of the voracious creatures. From the depths below came a sulphurous smell, which, with the shrill shrieks of the bats, required but little conjuring of the imagination to transform the scene into one of the under world over which his satanic majesty is supposed to preside.

In the wet and oozy crevices of the walls of the cave brilliant-hued lizards and small but particularly lively snakes were seen squirming to elude the glare of the lighted torch carried by the explorers. The ascent was made with considerable difficulty, but the men reached terra firma in safety.

Mr. Fayant captured a lizard about three inches long and will keep it as a souvenir of the trip. The men express their determination to make another attempt to explore the cave and will take a much longer rope.

Another good animal story comes from New York city where, for three hours, Mox, a polar bear, superseded Capt. Clark in command of a ship lying in the North river. The animal was consigned to a menagerie, but somehow or other managed to get loose from its cage while the vessel was moored to the pier. When the bear got loose a deck hand hurried to the captain. "Mox is loose," he cried, "and he is chasing everyone out of the fo'castle." "Tell him to get back into his cage," said the captain. "We've told him that, sir, but he won't." "You tell him I say so," said the captain. "I'm the boss of this ship." The deck hand went back and climbed into the rigging and watched the performance below. The bear had complete possession of two decks, and about 100 coal passers and deck hands were clustered in the rigging safely out of the way. "Hey, there," cried the deck hand, "Captain says you have got to get back into your cage." The bear sat on his haunches and looked up at him with a grin for an instant, and then made a dive for the lower deck. After a bit Capt. Clark came himself to see whether his orders had been carried out. He walked down and the bear saw him when he was about ten feet from the ladder. Instantly there was a record breaking race between captain and bear, with the ladder for goal. The captain won by two feet, and when he reached the upper deck, he went hurriedly to his cabin to attend to his correspondence. "I'm busy," he shouted back. "If you cannot catch the beast send for Mr. Jerome and get him to raid the fo'castle." The bear was finally chased into a narrow passageway. At one end was placed a cage, while about 20 men with poles and gratings pushed him back. When that operation was over he was transferred to the menagerie, with another of his albino hue. By-and-bye they will be taught to do tricks only a little less stupid than those that are taught to men.

THE ASCENT WAS DIFFICULT.

Expected Money Soon.

"Dear," said the physician's wife, "when can you let me have $10?"

"Well," replied the medical man, "I hope to cash a draft shortly, and then—"

"Cash a draft? What draft?"

"The one I saw Mrs. Jenkins sitting in this morning."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Telegraph Wire Jewelry.

The descendants of the aborigines of Australia are very fond of jewelry, but they do not pay much for it. They use telegraph wire to make bracelets, earrings and nose-rings, and tear down the telegraph lines for that purpose.

Cruel Man.

"Why do you think your husband's love has changed?

"Boo-hoo! He used to call me his ducky darling, and now he calls me his tootsy-wootsy."—Chicago American.

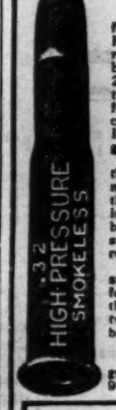
No Kindling Wood Needed.

Nothing is spent for fuel by the Maories of New Zealand. They cook their potatoes and other vegetables in volcanic heat. There are a few volcanoes in New Zealand, and some of the Maories live up in the mountains near them. They make the volcanoes serve as cooking stoves.

Marlin

.32 Cal. High-Pressure Smokeless

IN MODEL 1893



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A Compliment.

"I can't understand why a woman of her age should care for the kind of clothes she affects."

"Why, I don't think there's anything radically wrong with her clothes. Of course they might be a little more becoming if she were two or three years younger, but, you know, we can't all be your age, Mrs. Kanamma. Still, I don't blame you for objecting to it when she copies your styles so closely."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HORN THE TAILOR.

The man who is doing the best business in the city is Horn, the tailor, 9:9 F street N. W. It is because he can fit you, and what you pay for a suit elsewhere you can get better goods and cheaper prices. Mr. Horn is now assisted by his son who but a few years ago was a lad. He has been abroad and seen many things of interest and watched closely the methods of clothiers in other cities which makes him qualified and competent to assist his father. Mr. Horn has also with him his daughter as cashier. She is young in the business, but an up-to-date cashier. Everything is Horn when you enter his store. Go at once and have yourself measured for a fall suit.

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Prince Hall (compact) has just closed a long and important session and starts out very favorable for the new year. Visiting brothers are respectfully requested to call on the Grand Master, Col. R. D. Goodman 917 4th street n.w. for information about the craft Please bring financial card of your Lodge.

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The law firm of R. R. Horner and James H. Smith, at 505 D street has been disolved since January 1st 1903. It is now the law firm of R. R. Horner and Robert J. Harland.

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Milk	3 cts
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Her Fear.

Husband—That new bonnet of yours just makes me tired.

Wife—I feared that it would. You never did like cheap things, you know. —N. Y. Weekly.

Diary of a Millionaire.

I spent three-fourths of my life making a million dollars. The other fourth will be devoted to trying to get an appetite to enjoy it.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Quarrel.

"Understand, Clotilde, if you leave this house to-night, you leave it for good!"

"No, dear, for better."—St. Louis Republic.

A Magnate.

"Is he very rich?"

"Rich? Why, he's so rich he daren't look twice at a girl for fear she'll bring a breach of promise suit."—N. Y. Times.

Very Rude.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed a little miss of three, as she came running into the house with a look of indignation on her face, "I des want 'ou to whip zat old hen."

"Why do you want her whipped?" asked her mother.

"Toz she won't let me see her chickies," was the reply. "She dest lifted up her dwess an' zay wunned wite under."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Old Proverb Revised.

"Now, Johnny, say your proverb," sweetly asked the schoolmistress at the annual exhibition.

"Please, ma'am, I forget," lisped Johnny.

"I will refresh your memory. 'People who live in glass houses—' Now finish it."

"People who live in glass houses must pull down the blinds."—Tit-Bits.

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Gents' Diamond Sleeve Butons, $5 up; a little gem in each button
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Solid Silver Thimbles, 25c.
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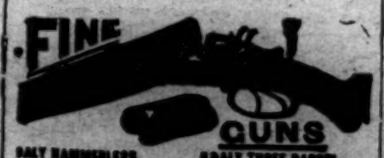

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